

LOOK AT YOURSELF NOW.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

DAME GRETCHEN's little daughter Louise was certainly the prettiest, as well as the most spoiled child in the village. She was already an embryo coquette, and pouted if the freshest flower or the largest apple was not given to her, or if she was not allowed to be the first to spring into the circles of the turning rope.

The mothers of all the ugly girls in Rhinefeld shook their heads, at every fresh outbreak of Louise's temper, and whispered of the heart aches she would yet cause poor Gretchen, whose easy disposition was never fretted, and who saw in her child nothing but the natural petulance of girlhood.

To the poor widow, this fair-haired, blue-eyed representative of her dead husband seemed to be the connecting link between his grave and heaven. For this daughter, no toil was too wearisome, that she might increase the small sum already laid by for her marriage dowry; for this purpose the white curd was broken, and pressed into golden cheese; for this the little wheel hummed musically and drowsily beneath the vines on the bright summer days; for this, the delicate lace was woven, in the long winter evenings, that was to grace some haughty countess.

None complained so loudly of Louise, as Gretchen's nearest neighbor, the bustling, systematic, managing Liza Schwartz. Her three plain, hard-working daughters never questioned her will, though their little brother Carl was nearly as rebellious as Louise herself; but as Dame Liza often said, "he was a boy, and that made a difference."

Carl was an independent, sturdy little fellow, who would gather more grapes, fight more battles for the smaller children, and win oftener at ball, than any boy in the village.

This same Carl had a perfect contempt for everything feminine, his mother's authority not

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excepted. He was the torment of Louise's life. He called her "cry-baby" and "whey face;" set his ugly brown dog, Wolf, on her pet tortoise-shell cat, and usually managed to soil her clean dresses; or knock a particularly nice piece of bread and butter out of her hand.

'Tis true that he would allow no one else to tease her in this way, but to indemnify himself for his mercy he called her "only a girl," with such an exceedingly expressive voice and pantomime, that Louise felt herself as much aggrieved as if a bodily assault had been made upon her.

One cool autumn morning, Dame Gretchen's heavy sabots clattered over the cottage floor with unusual vigor. A party of village gossips were to spend the afternoon with her. She had drawn off a glass of sweet, home-brewed beer to test its quality, and found it perfect. It was as yellow as amber, as clear as crystal, and the rich creamy froth rose to the top most temptingly. But the great business of the day was yet to be accomplished, the making of the bread and cake, which was to exceed in lightness and flavor any bread or cake ever yet made.

Little Louise was delightfully busy. She greased the pans, handed the sugar, played in the flour, and made herself as useful as girls twelve years of age usually do at such times. She was making cakes, too, on her own responsibility, which was none of the least pleasant part of the business.

At length a savory perfume spread itself over the cottage kitchen. Gretchen had scrubbed, and swept, and dusted, and peeped into the oven times innumerable—and whilst the finishing touch of brown was being given to her cakes, and the bread was rising the last hundredth part of an inch, she clattered away to make her toilet.

In a short time she reappeared in her whitest linen cap, with her black silk kerchief reserved

for Sundays and holydays, and a string of heavy amber beads on her neck. Her short-gown was of unspotted whiteness, and the blue of her gown and petticoat contrasted well with the big scarlet pin-cushion, which hung at her side.

On the entrance of her mother, Louise became clamorous for the big cake which was baking especially for herself, and when it was given to her she carried it over near the door, and seated herself in her little oaken chair to await its cooling.

Presently she heard Carl's well known voice talking to his dog, and she instinctively put the plate in her lap, and covered it with her apron. Too late, however, for Carl had detected the movement, and his eyes danced with delight at so good an opportunity of teasing Louise.

"Hurrah," exclaimed he, "what have you got there, whey face? another kitten for Wolf to tree? Come, let's see! lift up that dish-cloth you call an apron! A cake, by Frederic! whew! it smells nice though—I guess I'll have a piece!" and, suiting the action to the word, the cake was broken in half.

Louise put the plate in her chair, and with tears and screams attempted to wrest her property from Carl. Dame Gretchen, who had been giving the finishing fold to her kerchief, before

the little kitchen glass, suddenly took it down, pattered across the room and held it before her child.

Carl was delighted. He went on munching his cake, and between each mouthful crying out,

"You're a beauty, ain't you? I never saw such a pretty face! Look at yourself now! Oh, what a beauty!"

Louise for a moment took her apron from her face, and caught its expression in the glass, then cried more lustily than before.

The mirror had been replaced, and Carl smacked his lips, saying, "that cake is very good, Dame Gretchen. I guess I'll take some more. I think Wolf likes it too—don't you, Wolf?"

Louise suddenly stopped crying, turned and saw the dog gazing wistfully at her cake between the slats of her chair, then seized her plate and ran up stairs, from whence she did not make her appearance till her mother's guests had all assembled.

Eight years after, Louise became Carl's wife. Her husband knew she prided herself on her beauty, so he always had a remedy for sullenness and frowns, for he would take down her mother's little old mirror from the kitchen wall, and say, laughingly, "Look at Yourself Now."

TWO DAYS IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

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TWO DAYS IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

A DAY's journey south of Louisville, in the heart of the wild Kentucky hills, you will find the Mammoth Cave.

You know nothing of darkness until you have traversed its subterranean recesses. It is a labyrinth groping blindly through primeval gloom, for hundreds of miles under ground: and the darkness that fills it is palpable, enveloping you like black waters. Night, in our upper world, is never so profound but it has something of day remaining. A nebulous radiance, as of faint rays infinitely diluted, may be seen even in the murkiest hour: wandering gleams from sun, or moon, or star, penetrating the clouds, and vaguely diffused through the abyss of space. But in those silent depths night reigns eternal and supreme. No sun, nor moon, nor star has ever shone across that awful obscurity. There darkness sits devouring his prey from everlasting to everlasting.

The entrance to the Cave is scarcely a hundred yards from the hotel. Winding down a rural road, that you suppose leads to some secluded dell, you find yourself, on turning a sudden angle, in presence of the grim portal. Huge and vague it yawns before you, like the mouth of some great dragon. A spring breaks out from the mountain side just above the entrance, and the water solemnly dripping down across it, seems to warn sacrelious feet against profaning the mysteries beyond. In vain your eye attempts, for a while, to penetrate the darkness. The shadowy gloom makes you draw back instinctively, with a momentary sensation of horror. For the deep night within is not all! Forever, forth from the monster's gaping throat, issues a chill, unearthly breath. With a single step you have passed from a July atmosphere to one that seems as icy as December. But while you still hesitate, oppressed with vague emotions, the guide approaches, and handing you one of several torches, leads the way downward. You follow, with a last look at the blue sky, muttering unconsciously, "*facilis descentis Averni.*"

A narrow passage soon brings you to an open gateway, where the quick blast of air nearly extinguishes your lamps. So far the light of day has attended you, though waxing fainter and feebler at each step. But now you are alone with night and silence, twin daughters of eternal chaos; and you pause, for a moment, to recover courage. At first you see nothing but the thick

darkness. All around is vagueness and unutterable loneliness, giving the idea of infinite void and space. The black rocks do not reflect your light, but devour it; and so, for a while, the battle goes on, a strife of life and death. Gradually, however, the pupil of your eye dilates. Gradually also the torches begin to melt away the gloom. You now see that you are in a vast, but rudely fashioned rotunda, whose walls of solid limestone rise dizzily above until lost in lofty shadows overhead. Slowly the light, radiating upward into the black darkness, reveals a gigantic dome resting on oval ribs of rock, ring within ring, narrowing to the top. You gaze in wonder and delight; it seems as if you could never gaze enough. For, in those profound recesses, the obscurity ever keeps the imagination on the stretch, and if a life-time was spent there, something would still be left to stimulate curiosity. At last you move forward, but without a word. Your sensations, in reality, are too profound for language. And still, ever as you go, the night hangs, like a sullen cloud, before you, parting reluctantly to admit your passage, and greedily closing up behind.

You now enter an avenue, lofty as the nave of St. Peter's, with huge, jutting platforms of dark, grey rock on either side, like colossal cornices. Gradually this avenue emerges into another, and even vaster hall, with galleries on galleries circling above, wheeling and ever wheeling around the dusky ceiling. Here, in former times, the Methodists were accustomed to hold occasional meetings; and the effect of the congregation, with its countless torches, is said to have been very striking. To give you an idea of the magnitude of the room, the guide ascends to one of the galleries, where he seems a pygmy, so great is the distance, so massive the ledge on which he stands. Leaving this immense amphitheatre, you enter what appears a Gothic Minster, the high and vaulted avenue stretching on until it fades into remote obscurity. And ever as you go the darkness continues to envelope you like black waters, reluctantly parting before, and ravenously closing up behind.

Suddenly you see before you a huge sarcophagus, apparently hewn from the solid rock. It is of a size to suggest thoughts of the Titans who warred against Saturn, or of those mysterious giants who are said to have lived before

the flood. You pause with strange awe before it. It stands there on its lofty pedestal, so grey, so grim, so weird, that the unlettered slave as he hurries by, glances fearfully at it in secret dread. Nor is it he alone that feels its influence. The breath comes thick as you gaze, for imagination whispers that, within this mighty tomb, reposes perhaps some wizard of colossal race, whom enchantment has laid to sleep, and preserved through untold centuries, to guard these sacred recesses; and who, if light jest, or desecrating touch should profane the spot, would burst his cerements of stone, and amid the rocking of earthquakes and the crumbling of the mountain overhead, drag you down to darkness and death. So you pass by with noiseless feet, gazing askance on this grim relic of the Pre-Adamite world.

Continuing your progress, you enter an avenue through which an army might march, nor shake, with its tramp, the adamantine walls. For a while the passage runs straight as an arrow. Then it turns majestically, almost at a right angle, the opposite side wheeling grandly around like a dusky Colosseum. All at once the groined nave overhead disappears. You seem to have passed out into the open air; but, if so, it is day no longer: the midnight vault of heaven hangs above you; mountains as black as doom sweep away before. High aloft an enormous rock, arch-like, springs from the precipice, but stops, shattered through its midst, as if by a convulsion that has shaken the world. Looking past that broken, massive edge, and away into the illimitable space beyond, you see a star faintly shining in the far, fathomless depths. You gaze in amazement. But now another and another begins to glisten; whole constellations follow; and soon the entire firmament sparkles with myriads of glittering lights. You are still looking, bewildered and enraptured, when all suddenly becomes black, as if the curtain of doom had been let fall upon the scene. Darker and yet darker it grows. You cannot see the companion you touch. The gloom of Egypt's fateful night could have been nothing, you think, compared to this. At last, in the remote distance, you discern a faint gleam. Slowly it brightens to a ball of fire. Then, as you look in wonder, all at once there streams toward you, spanning the gulf of darkness, a bridge of light, as when, in Milton's sublime poem, the gates of hell are flung open on the fathomless abyss of chaos. You cannot, for a moment, comprehend that all this is an illusion. But the cause is soon revealed. The guide comes up, and explains that the seeming stars were the glimmer of the torches on the crystals of the roof; while the sudden darkness resulted from his disappearing, with the lanterns, into a lower cave. The gush

of light, that shot athwart the gloom, had been caused by his emerging suddenly, he tells you, at a distant point, above the line of vision. And you say to yourself, "stupendous Cave, that could allow of such an illusion."

And now, retracing your steps in part, and ever attended by the darkness, like black waters enveloping you, you pass into a narrow lateral avenue. Winding through a labyrinth of passages, now broad and high, now cramped and low, here straight, there spiral, but ever descending downward, you enter, at last, what seems the crypt of an ancient Saxon cathedral, the stalactites and stalagmites meeting to compose the rude and massive pillars. The guide now distributes the torches of the party so as to illuminate the cavern to the best advantage. Amazement, for a while, keeps you dumb. Never, you mentally exclaim, did artist conceive such wonderful effects of light and shade. The broad glare immediately around each torch is the brighter for the profound gloom in the mysterious recesses. The columns, that stand out in bold relief, are the more distinct because so many darken into shapeless masses in the distance. The river of golden radiance, that pours down the long arcade before you, has a glory all the more effulgent, in contrast with the rippled gleams that dance, in alternate brilliancy and blackness, along the broken vista stretching to your right. Rembrandt, could he have seen that spectacle, would have broken his pallet in despair.

We traversed many miles, that first day in the Cave, and yet were only making a preliminary excursion, as it were. The grand tour, requiring a walk of twenty miles, we left until the morrow. To visit every part of the Cave would involve the labor of weeks, for the aggregate length of the avenues is computed at three hundred miles: hence few persons spend more than one, or at most two days in it, as a complete exploration is practically impossible, and these are sufficient for the most striking portions. The Cave is, in reality, a vast labyrinth, honey-combing the mountain limestone of Kentucky, occasionally expanding, as we have described, into halls of almost fabulous magnitude, and sometimes narrowing into avenues scarcely ten feet wide, and proportionally low in altitude. In various places the passage comes apparently to an end, a yawning, well-like gulf debarring further progress. But when you look down the chasm, a ladder appears; the guide bids you descend; and arriving at the bottom you find a new and probably spacious avenue opening before you. Not unfrequently these pits are crossed by wooden bridges, that hang dizzily over the stupendous gulf. Or they gape close at your side, black as a night of murder, fathomless as space itself. As you

gaze fearfully down them, they recall the awful chasms, which, in that grand prose-poem, the Pilgrim's Progress, appaled Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. In vain a torch is hung over the edge, no bottom is ever seen. A bit of oiled paper, cast blazing down, fails equally to reveal the secrets of those mysterious recesses. A stone, dropped over the brink, falls and falls, seemingly forever, endlessly reverberating until the brain reels with the iteration. And ever, as you gaze, you hear water, far out of sight below, dropping further down into the awful abyss, and still dropping, dropping, dropping, through everlasting silence and gloom.

We started, on the second day, immediately after breakfast, our guide carrying our dinner nicely stored in a basket, while over his back was slung a canteen of oil, from which to replenish our lights during the long journey before us. And to do justice to Stephen, he is as great a wonder almost as the Cave. The handsomest, sprightliest and most obliging of mulattos, I still see in fancy his brilliant dark eyes, his well trimmed moustache and his light graceful figure. He has picked up something of Latin, and possesses a smattering of Greek; while his geological knowledge quite astonishes his unscientific visitors. But he is most remarkable for his readiness at repartee and his amplitude of words. I shall not soon forget him, as flinging himself on the ground, at a pause in the gothic chamber, he descended on the formation of stalagmites, with the knowing air of a savan and the careless ease of a spoiled child. He has been, for seventeen years, acting as guide through the Cave. Many of the most beautiful parts of it were, indeed, first explored by himself. His old master, but lately deceased, in gratitude emancipated him; and Stephen now talks of bidding the Cave farewell forever, and emigrating to Liberia. Should he carry out this intention the world will hear more of him. But there is a wife in the way, who is somewhat loath to go, and prefers to live and die among the green hills of Kentucky. Woman, the world over, clings to her home. Woman is your true conservative. The most astonishing thing in the Puritan emigration was that so many females accompanied it: and if we eulogized the Puritan fathers less, and the mothers more, we should do greater justice.

We turned to the right, just back of the giant's coffin, and entering a lateral avenue pushed briskly on. The way was occasionally rugged, but oftener comparatively level. Now the passage narrowed to a width of scarcely ten feet, now it widened again: and now the groined vault soared in air, gloomy and grand as in some sepulchral cathedral. Frequently jutting

galleries of rock, running along either side, nearly met on high; and often, through the narrow opening thus left, other galleries were seen above; sometimes three or four rising, tier above tier, before the vaulted ceiling was reached. These vast recesses, which the torches only dimly revealed, floated in a sea of obscurity, as if just emerging from chaos on the morning of Creation.

About two miles from the entrance, the guide bade us stop. Pointing to a small aperture in the side of the Cave, less than a yard square, he told us to wait a few moments and then look in. With these words he disappeared. Directly, through this opening, a vivid light shone forth, while simultaneously we heard his voice shouting aloud. Gazing through this natural window, we saw a vast pit, sinking downward further than the eye could penetrate, and rising overhead till lost in obscurity. This tremendous chasm was not circular, however, but shaped like the letter S, and wild and vague beyond conception. The vivid light, which Stephen had left us to ignite, could not, with all its intense brilliancy, entirely dissipate the horrible gloom. As if bored out of the solid mountain, by gigantic augurs, the chasm sunk beneath, or soared dizzily aloft, the smooth surface of the yellowish rock reflecting the glare of the torches, for a space above and below, and then the night swallowing all the rest, like a black, insatiate monster. This was Gorin's dome. As we gazed down into the awful gulf, we mechanically held fast, for it seemed that if we should tumble through, we should fall and fall forever through illimitable depths of space. Fall and fall forever, from darkness to darkness more profound, through infinite eternities of distance and despair.

A walk of another mile, past yawning pits and over hideous chasms, brought us to a low, narrow avenue, several hundred feet long, where we were compelled to proceed in a stooping posture. The Cave continuing to grow more circumscribed, we finally found ourselves traversing a serpentine path, worn through the rock by the action of water in countless ages, but so confined that a corpulent person would have found it impossible to pass. We had scarcely recovered from the fatigues of this cramped journey, when suddenly we came to a vast and lofty amphitheatre, with a sandy beach in its centre, in front of which lay a pool of black waters, like a lake of polished jet. All further progress appeared hopelessly cut off. On every hand the steep and rugged sides rose impassably, melting, without apparent break, or even seam, into the lofty dome overhead. While we were scanning the wild walls for some hidden outlet high up the dizzy acclivities, the guide called our attention to a boat,

drawn up on the beach, and bade us enter, smiling at our bewilderment. We took seats, but wondered the more. And now, with a dexterous turn of the paddle, he whirled the light skiff across the pool, and right against the face of the rock, to where a small horizontal fissure offered invitingly a sheltered nook for the still waters to slumber in. Telling us to stoop quickly, he shot under this low portal. For a short distance the roof continued to impend threateningly overhead; but gradually it began to rise, to expand, to swell into magnificent proportions. A few more strokes of the paddle, and we were in a vast tunnel, arching far away above, and winding onward beyond the range of vision: while filling it from side to side, flowed the subterranean tide on which we floated, a dark, and voiceless current, dwelling forever in aboriginal gloom.

It was the famous Echo river. For three quarters of a mile we navigated this mysterious stream, till suddenly it vanished out of sight as unexpectedly as it had appeared. I can find no words to express my sensations during that voyage. It was like sailing over a shadowy ocean, such as I had sometimes seen in dreams. It was like passing down dim shores, from which blew, chill and damp, breezes out of the land of death. As we glided along, the lights, which were ranged in the prow of the boat, projected vague figures on the wall, that followed us menacingly like silent, eager ghosts. The dip of the paddle, disturbing the quiet waters, sent a faint ripple lapping against the rocky side of the tunnel; and the sound of this, repeated in low echoes, indefinitely prolonged, seemed like the sobbings of disembodied spirits, lamenting and dying in the distance. And yet no feeling of horror accompanied all this. It was like one of those vague, yet sadly sweet dreams, which often visit us in childhood, when we seem to float, in the wide sea of space, close to unseen coasts, from which ascend the sighs of widows and orphans, though all the void elsewhere is full of whispers from angels encouraging us to proceed. Blessed visions, that, while they conceal not the gulf of sorrow which ever surges below this mortal life, reveal glimpses of the shining bliss beyond, and assure us of the presence of heavenly messengers, who wait to bear us thither.

Allowing these emotions to have their period, our guide sought finally to divert them, by showing the effect of singing on the river. He broke, at first, into a wild and plaintive air. The echoes that followed seemed endless. Nor did they run into each other, as is usual even in the finest repetitions of this kind, but each syllable was distinct and clear, as if sad voices answered to

sad voices down the whole vast length of the silent stream. A gayer strain ensued, that was prolonged, in a similar manner, like the musical laughter of maidens at play along the shores. And so, whiling away the time with merry interludes, we voyaged along. But gradually the melancholy of our feelings returned, and lapsing into quiet we floated once more dreamily on. Again we seemed to be sailing down a sea of shadows. Again breezes from the land of death were wafted chill and damp across us. Again the dip of our paddle woke the sobbings of unseen phantoms, that flitted lamenting before, and followed wailing behind.

By rugged ways, and through continually winding avenues, we reached, at last, the great series of caverns known as Cleveland's Cabinet, seven miles from the entrance. Here bountiful Nature has exhausted her munificent genius in the number, variety and beauty of her crystallizations. In one place, the rock is covered with a botryoidal formation, resembling bunches of grapes, perfect in both color and shape. In another the crystallizations seem enormous snow-balls, flung carelessly against the ceiling, and there adhering, whiter than whitest swan's-down. In still another, they imitate rosettes, carved in Carrara marble, and affixed, by some subtle cement, to the grey limestone wall. In yet others, the crystallizations assume the form of hanging moss; or of drooping lilies; or of other delicate, lovely plants: all white as the robe of spotless innocence. A small niche, opening from the main avenue, like a side altar in a cathedral, is called the Maiden's Bower; and is hung with similar snowy draperies of Nature's handiwork.

At last we drew near to a mountain of boulders, piled one above another in inextricable confusion, and rising to the very summit of the Cave. We were about to pause here, believing that further progress was impossible. But Stephen bade us push forward. These were, he said, the Rocky Mountains, which it was necessary to surmount before we could reach the end of our journey. We struggled up the difficult path, the roof of the cavern rising with us. Having attained an elevation, which our guide told us was nearly a hundred and fifty feet, but which appeared incalculably greater, we paused panting on the summit, and looked down into the gulf beneath. Involuntarily I caught my breath as the scene burst upon me. Would I could adequately describe that dark and dismal abyss. So wild was the descent, and so shadowy the obscurity below that the hill seemed to plunge downward to the very bowels of the earth. The effect was magnified infinitely by a vast dome, which soared above, savage and vague, increasing the apparent height and depth, and

exaggerating the awfulness of all. As I gazed into the void below, where the black darkness surged and heaved, under the flare of the torches, like the ebon sea that washes the shores of hell, and then turned above to the seemingly fathomless firmament, there rose, vividly, to my imagination Milton's sublime lines: and unconsciously I repeated them to myself.

"A dark
Inimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
height,
And time and space are lost: where eldest Night,
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy."

It was a fit conclusion to our journey. The delight, amazement, and awe, which had succeeded each other all day, terminated here; and for one I wished to see nothing further, lest it might mar the image of that tremendous abyss. It was with relief, consequently, that I heard the guide declare there was nothing to be seen beyond, except some curious stalagmites, a lady's bower, and another bottomless pit, at the distance of a few hundred yards. Should other avenues ever be discovered in advance of this point, the effect will be to dim the impression of that gulf of horror. But now the spectator comes away, haunted by his glimpse into that wild abyss, whose recollection lingers in his memory, and recurs forever in his dreams.

On our way back, we dined at a spring, about two miles from the extremity. It would have kindled the dull blood even of an anchorite, to have seen us discuss the cold chicken and ham which Stephen had provided. Our drink was the cool, clear water from a neighboring spring. These springs are frequent in the Cave, some of them being impregnated with sulphur, and others with lime. The one we patronized was of the latter description. Around us were numerous empty bottles, relics of former parties, who not having the fear of the Maine Law before their eyes, had refreshed the inner man with Scotch ale, London stout, claret or *eau de vie*.

While my companions lingered behind to re-examine some crystallizations, I pushed forward alone, the solitude and sombre shadows of the Cave having for me a greater charm. To abandon your party in this way, requires a certain degree of courage. At first there is something exhilarating in the consciousness that you are out of sight of your friends, and that, when you shout to them, however loudly, only the echo of your voice comes back, through the long and lonely halls. But soon the sense of solitariness becomes painful. The gloomy walls closing in on every side; the narrow circle of light that radiates from your lamp; and the utter, utter desertion around, that encloses you as in a solid body, fill

you with vague fear. And now dreadful doubts creep in upon you. What if you have missed the true path, by unconsciously entering some lateral avenue? Perhaps already your companions have passed the spot where you turned off, and, if so, they will continue to pursue their way, believing you still leading in advance. It will not be until they approach the entrance, probably not until they reach the hotel, that your loss will be discovered. Then, too late, they will retrace their steps. Vain search! Of the hundred and more lateral avenues, that branch off from the main route, in the seven miles between you and the mouth, who can tell which to take? To explore all would require months. You see these things in fancy, and your nerves begin to give way. You imagine yourself having made, through long, long hours, vain attempts to recover the trace, and having sunk down exhausted. You have shouted, too, until your voice has failed you. You are agonized with thirst. Days appear to pass. You are starving to death. If, as you have heard, men lost not far from the entrance, have not been found for forty hours, what hope is there for you? Your lamp has long ago gone out, and you have no note of time. Only you know that death is approaching. Despair seizes upon you. You look dumbly on the sombre walls, now your prison, soon to be your grave. You recollect that you will be deprived even of Christian burial. For the search after you, though long persevered in, will finally be abandoned. Gradually the horror of your disappearance will fade from the minds of all, even your wife and children coming to regard you, in time, only as a dim dream. Perhaps, years hence, some adventurous traveller may stray into this avenue, and finding your bleached bones, may recall a tragedy he remembers to have heard in childhood. He will gather the relics together, and lay them in a corner. But that will be all.

So vividly do you imagine these things that when, at last, a faint gleam appears in the distance, you fancy, for a moment, that it is Stephen coming to your rescue after days of search. But in reality it is your companions leisurely following you. At first you see only a speck of light, like a fire balloon in a black firmament. But soon others appear; the dark and distant ceiling glows; and a gush of light dances toward you, revealing the welcome figures in the background. In a moment you are laughing at your late fears, and have resumed your journey, as gay and merry as the best. You walk on, and on, and on, until mile after mile is passed. Your great peril now is that of stumbling, for your eyes are on the rocky draperies overhead, when they should be picking out the rugged way

beneath. Almost every square foot of ceiling, cornice and wall is curtained, or festooned in stone, as if Nature, to mock at human genius, had decorated these silent, buried chambers. By one sweep of her graceful arm, by a single bold arrangement of her tapestry, she continually produces effects that artists could have attained only by severe study and long trials. She is equally at home in gay and fanciful hangings, such as those belonging to the Bride's Bower, as in the sombre masses, like impending thunder-clouds, that darken with horror her more giant chambers.

In returning, Stephen called our attention to a river, in which fish without eyes are caught. We did not stop, however, to secure any. Stephen had spent a night, just before we arrived, in catching several, so that he had a stock on hand. These fish are rather longer and larger than a man's finger, with something of the shape of a

cat-fish, and of a greenish white color. They have no eye. Why should they, living, as they do, in eternal night? But it is to be presumed that Nature, which ever wisely adopts the means to the end, has given them a keener sense of touch. Besides these blind fishes, there is no living thing found in the Cave, except a species of cricket.

Though we walked briskly, it was four hours before we reached the entrance, so that, deducting for the delay at dinner, the time consumed proves the distance to be quite nine miles. The first view of daylight, as we approached the mouth, was indescribably beautiful. To see that cool, white brightness, which language is too weak to describe, is worth alone a journey to the Cave. It is a new thing in your experience: a glory and a loveliness beyond imagination.

And thus we left the land of shadows; and came forth again to the day!

THE PAIN IN THE CHEST.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

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THE PAIN IN THE CHEST.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Here is a shirt-bosom I wish you to stitch, Emma," said Mrs. Harvey to her daughter, "it is for your father, and as he is in a hurry for his shirts, I must get you to help me."

"Oh! mother," said Emma, reluctantly taking the piece of linen, "you know sewing always gives me such a pain in the chest."

"But, my daughter, this is a case of necessity. Your father has to go South, next week, on business, and these shirts must be finished for him to take. I really cannot do them myself by that time."

Emma said no more. Ruefully sitting down, she began to stitch the shirt-bosom; and, for a while, worked with something like real industry. But this did not continue long. Soon she began to fidget; then to glance at the windows; and finally she laid down her task, under pretence of wanting some water. It took her a full quarter of an hour to satisfy her thirst; at least it was that period before she returned to her work. Several times, during the afternoon, she repeated this behavior. At tea she sat stooping over her plate, and when her father asked her what was the matter, she complained of a pain in the chest.

"What have you been doing?" he said.

"Oh! I thought I would stitch one of your new shirt-bosoms," replied Emma, hastening to answer before her mother could speak. "But it has made me quite sick."

"Never mind the shirt-bosoms," replied the fond father, with a look of concern. "I am sure I am as much obliged to you for trying, as if you had stitched me a dozen. You always were delicate, my dear."

The mother gave a glance of silent reproof to Emma, and said, "I am afraid, unless Emma can assist me, I shall have to hire a seamstress; for I cannot, without help, finish the shirts by next week."

"Oh! then get a seamstress, by all means. I declare Emma looks quite pale. Poor thing, she can't stand what you can, my love."

Mrs. Harvey was on the point of saying, in reply, that Emma could stand as much, if she would; but, on second thought, concluded to be silent. Yet she sighed, as many a mother has, to think how the inconsiderate fondness of the father was spoiling the daughter.

Mrs. Harvey sent for a seamstress that evening, and accordingly, the next day, Emma had nothing

to do. In the morning she made calls, and then came home to read a novel, over which she stooped until dinner time. In the afternoon, having finished the novel, she had recourse to her worsted work, over which she stooped until it was too dark to see. All this time she made no complaint of the pain in the chest, though she had stooped for a period twice as long as on the preceding day. Her mother, who watched her with a meaning look, for some time, at last said,

"Emma, how long have you been engaged on that bit of work, my dear?"

"About six months, isn't it?" replied Emma, looking up for a second only, and resuming the counting of her threads. "One, two, three; it was just after New Years' I began it; one, two; wasn't it?"

"And what do you expect to do with it?"

"Make a chair cover of it to be sure. Why you know that, mamma."

"But we have no chairs to cover."

"Oh! it will come in use sometime, or, if it don't, I can give it away, you know."

"How much do you suppose your worsteds have cost?"

"Three dollars. I believe that was it. But you know as well as I do, ma, for you were with me when I bought them."

"I had forgotten," said Mrs. Harvey. And she mentally added, "ah! I have more important things to remember."

There was silence for a short period, when the mother quietly said,

"Don't it sometimes give you a pain in the breast, my dear, to stoop, hour after hour, over this sort of work?"

Emma looked up, crimson with shame. She was a sensible girl, and felt the home-thrust. Dropping her work, she said,

"Give me a shirt-bosom, mamma, and I'll stitch it, indeed I will. I was wrong, last night, to say what I did."

"Oh! no," said Mrs. Harvey, with a slight irony in her tone, for she wished to make Emma thoroughly ashamed. "You had better go on with your worsted-work; for there is no hurry for that. And besides it is not for your father, nor even, it seems, for yourself, but for somebody, you don't exactly know who, or perhaps for nobody at all. No, my dear, I could not

think of taking you away from your useful employment, and putting you to one so worthless as assisting to stitch shirt-bosoms for your father."

"Now, mamma," said Emma, with the tears in her eyes, "don't, please don't. I have been very foolish. Oh! do let me help on pa's shirt-bosoms."

"No, my dear," replied her mother, gently, but firmly, and dropping her tone of irony. "I have hired Susan for the week, and if you should help us now, there will not be enough for her. And I'm afraid, my child, that you would soon tire of this sort of work."

"You don't mean so, ma," humbly said Emma; "now do you?"

"Indeed I do, my daughter. I have noticed, ever since you came home from boarding-school, that you like no work which is real work, though you will labor all day at some trifle more pretty than useful. Now, while I don't mean to say that making worsted patterns is always a waste of time, I do say it is so when things more immediately useful claim our attention. Moreover. Habits of industry and self-denial are to be acquired in youth, if ever; and if girls do only such work as they please, these habits they will never get. Young ladies don't like to do plain sewing, but are ready to stitch forever at fancy work; yet when they become wives, they will find that they must do more or less of the former, unless they happen to marry very rich men. And so work becomes a real trial, because they are unused to it. For a husband to find that he has a wife, good for nothing except to spend money, one who can't even sew without having a pain in the chest, is one of the most disheartening things he can experience; and will go very much further than what would seem, at first, more important things, to undermine his love."

Emma was now fairly subdued. She had never thought of the subject seriously before. Just

from school, and as yet undisciplined in household affairs, she had unintentionally allowed her indisposition to useful work to lead her into her late folly. She saw that her pain in the chest was mere fancy, and not reality, else it would have attacked her also when stooping over her novel, or her worsted. She felt that it was a willing mind she wanted, instead of bodily strength, of which she had enough.

Her mother continued inexorable. The shirts were made without her help, much as she desired to assist on them. Her worsted-work had now really grown distasteful to her; but her mother would not permit her to be idle; and so she had to persevere until it was finished.

The lesson was not over yet, however. One day Emma wished a new ribbon. It was not absolutely necessary for her to have, though it would have been a gratification. But her mother gravely refused to allow the expenditure.

"No, my dear, you must go without the ribbon. I paid Susan, for helping me make those shirts, just what this will cost; and as your folly inflicted that expense on your father, I think it but right you should make reparation. Here is an opportunity where, by a little self-denial, you can do so. You know, my child, I have no faith in repentance without works."

"You are right, mamma, as you ever are," said Emma. "You don't know how ashamed I am of myself. But please don't say any more about it, and you shall have no cause to complain of me hereafter."

Were all daughters as sensible as Emma, and all mothers as judiciously severe as Mrs. Harvey, the world would have fewer idle young ladies and thrifless wives to show.

But alas! when there is anything useful to be done, anything that is real work, a great many females, married as well as unmarried, have a PAIN IN THE CHEST.

HOW TO MANAGE AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

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HOW TO MANAGE AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

ABEL ARNFIELD was the neatest man that ever lived. This may, at first, sound like eulogy, but it comprises a catalogue of small crimes that sting with tenfold force, like mosquitoes, gnats, and other insects, discovering joints in the armor where larger ones would utterly fail. Abel, then, was fearfully neat. Neatness was with him a besetting vice, a sort of dark influence that overshadowed everything, and robbed life of half its enjoyments. *Half* did I say? He scarcely knew a moment's peace. Every cup was poisoned, for at the bottom Abel's far-seeing eyes were sure to discover some speck of dirt, that seemed, like the sword of Damocles, a never-failing torment, haunting every moment.

Abel was a bachelor. Not but that he had had his love-scrapes, but experience taught him that going down on one's knees was detrimental to white inexpressibles, and violent emotion took the stiffening out of a shirt-collar. Then, besides, Abel's views of womankind in general all tended toward a life of single blessedness. His version of the poet would doubtless have been:

"Oh, woman! thy name is carelessness?" and he kept as clear of the sex as though fearful of contamination.

If his fellow brethren lacked in his eyes the essential principles of neatness, the sisterhood seemed absolutely wedded to dirt and slovenliness. Many a time had he contemplated a pair of beaming eyes with pleasurable feelings, and then sighed because some thread of that tasteful attire was, perhaps, the fiftieth part of an inch out of the way. For Abel, in summing up a case of neatness, did not, like the children with their arithmetic, say, "never mind the mills"—no, indeed! he quite agreed with the man who said, "take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves;" and entertained the opinion that trifles make up the sum of earthly things.

Nor did Abel fail to put his theory in practice. He would have considered himself insulted had any one said that "he looked as though he had just stepped out of a band-box;" for, belonging rather to the gigantic order, it would have been impossible to find such an article capable of accommodating him at all to his satisfaction. And, indeed, I quite agree with Abel that people who step out of band-boxes must have rather a tumbled look.

Somewhere between six and seven feet in height, straight as a poplar, handsome and intellectual-looking, Abel deserved something better than the commendation bestowed upon him by an old lady, who, after surveying him through her spectacles, pronounced him "a very personable man." When I add to this description that he was one of the most eloquent members of the bar, and possessor of a handsome property, it is no wonder that his fearful neatness was the subject of sighs and groans innumerable.

Dirt seemed to glance off obliquely from those immaculate collars and wristbands—dust found no resting-place on that impenetrable coat of shining black—and mud dwindled down to low tide when Abel Arnfield crossed the street. His neatness encompassed him like a suit of armor; and he was held up as a pattern to slovenly husbands and careless sons, until they wished that fate would bestow upon him some of the grease-spots, mud, and dirt with which they were so liberally favored. But Abel still pursued the even tenor of his way, undisturbed, save by some chance arrows that Cupid let fly at him, merely *pour passer le tems*. These only stuck in the flesh and caused a slight irritation, without inflicting any deeper wound.

At one time, however, Abel certainly came very near falling a victim; and this circumstance was hailed with delight by the whole circle of his friends and relatives. They flattered themselves that a wife to keep in order might divert him from the contemplation of their short-comings.

Pretty Olive Mithers! She with the large, sloping eyes, and snowy eyelids, that gave such a Madonna-like air of purity to her face. You seemed to see her but through those eyelids; they took the attention at first sight; and as Daniel Webster went by the name of "all eyes" in his early career as a schoolmaster, it would not have been inappropriate to call Olive Mithers "all eyelids."

Abel was first "taken" in church. The premonitory symptoms were constant gazing at those wonderful eyelids, so sweetly cast down over her prayer-book—guilty looks when detected in the act—and a constant restlessness and uneasiness during the whole service. And Olive peeped slyly out from those white blinds, and laughed in her sleeve at the desperate struggles of the poor fish on the end of her line. Deceitful little

Quakeress! She *looked* an incarnation of purity and devotion—she *was* as mischievous a flirt as ever tormented an unfortunate man. But to do her justice, she was really in earnest with respect to Abel Arnfield. Yes, she had fully made up her mind that if the man proposed she would really take him, and enjoy the pleasure of tormenting him for the whole term of his natural life.

But, alas! poor Olive! you found by sad experience upon how slight a thing will turn our whole future fate. There was a pic-nic excursion, to which Abel and Olive were both invited. Already people looked upon them as engaged lovers, and significant glances followed their movements.

But Olive, in scrambling up a ledge of rock, disarranged the neat attire which had hitherto charmed the exacting lover. One or two tumbles by no means improved her appearance; and when they rejoined the party Abel's love had banished into thin air. Her dress was torn, her hair disarranged, and—

"A single spot of mud—that light, but guilty streak,
Had banished all the beauty from her cheek."

In vain the figure of Olive prettily dressed, with those lids so meekly cast down, was placed before him, after this; the charm was broken, and something whispered to Olive that Abel Arnfield was lost to her forever.

Then there was Bessie Carson—whose face was a perfect sunbeam, whose conduct was like no one else's, and whose manner was fascination. She took Abel entirely by storm—he was obliged to surrender whether he would or not; and for some time he persuaded himself that the *appearance* of a soiled collar, which had lately haunted him in Bessie's presence, was merely the shadow glancing upon it.

But one day our bachelor, on entering the hall at rather an unexpected hour, beheld a pair of slip-shod shoes, which he immediately appropriated to Bessie. She never acknowledged the possession, not having been interrogated; but Abel Arnfield had a sort of feeling in his bones, and again he "roamed in maiden meditation fancy free." These disappointments rather soured him, and he began to look upon women with a cynical eye.

Abel had an only sister, who might be considered a fortunate woman, or might not, as persons chose to fancy; at any rate, she was the mother of nine children. Her description may have been a little exaggerated, but she always insisted that when Abel entered the door he drew his skirts carefully around him, and appeared from his manner of walking to be threading a labyrinth of live coals. He was not fond of

having the children's arms around his neck—objected to their wiping their hands upon his clothes—and altogether frowned upon other endearing little ways peculiar to childhood.

In spite of this, however, his sister urged, with tears in her eyes, that he would take up his abode with her; but Abel only shook his head in a very decided manner, and went back to his boarding-house. His landlady had learned all his peculiarities; and the good woman would as soon have thought of cutting off her own head as of abating one iota of the exquisite neatness that always distinguished his room.

But Adam was discontented even in Paradise; and one day Abel took it into his head that it was quite time for him to see something of the world. People wondered what should induce him to travel. The dust in the cars, the doubtful beds, the thousand inconveniences to which travellers are subjected, seemed like so many dragon-heads to deter him from the venture. But Abel cut them all down at one stroke, and went forth to meet his fate.

Description would utterly fail in attempting to paint the horrors with which he found himself at the hotel with a soiled collar and dusty coat, and a face very much disarranged by the sparks, and other light craft, that sail so impudently in at the car windows; but after a careful examination of the damage he had sustained, he gave himself a thorough scouring, and went forth to seek his fortune. He found himself in one of the loveliest villages of northern New York; every residence was a miniature Paradise, and he sauntered leisurely along, admiring the principles of neatness which seemed to pervade the very trees, for every leaf shot forth in a uniform manner.

He had come to a full stop before an alluring cottage, almost smothered in a thicket of trees, and stood leaning on the paling, and looking over at the prospect. In the distance a Virginia fence hemmed off a piece of woods that seemed approaching too closely; and between that and the house was a beautifully cultivated garden.

Abel stood ruminating—thinking how happy life might be passed in such a place—when a slight rustling disturbed his thoughts, and he awoke to the consciousness of a young lady with a watering-pot in her hand. Abel! Abel! incorrigible cynic! thine eyes survey the graceful figure, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, not with the lover's generous blindness to all defects, but with the critic's insatiable thirst for something to find fault with.

Mary Ellesmore was not a regular beauty, but she possessed that exquisite neatness which throws a charm over the plainest features. Not that Mary was exactly plain, either; her face

was capable of looking pretty, but when it did assume that expression, it seemed to be a matter of congratulation as though the circumstance were an unusual one. She had one of those faces that light up with any passing emotion; thus seeming to contradict the extreme regularity of her dress.

Well, Abel, what is the result of your investigation? Your eyes have travelled up and your eyes have travelled down, and at length you have come to the conclusion that the young lady with the watering-pot in her hand is the nearest approach to your beau-ideal of female loveliness that you have seen in sometime. The smooth, shining sheet of bright brown hair, that descended so prettily over her ears, with a half blown rose in the richly twisted knot—the pink muslin dress, so faultless in every fold—the well dressed foot, first peeping out from the hem—and the snowy collar—all these were perfections that sent an electric thrill to the heart of Abel Arnfield.

But all this time Mary has been represented as standing still to be looked at—making a picture of herself, in short, although she was totally unconscious of the presence of a spectator. When, therefore, on raising her eyes, she beheld a gentleman, who, if not very young, was certainly very fine-looking, gazing intently upon her, she blushed, of course, as any properly regulated young lady would do; and as the gazer seemed fairly nailed to the spot, she soon took her departure for the house, watering-pot and all.

This roused Abel from his lethargy; and extremely provoked at himself, he became conscious that he had been guilty of rather rude behavior, and quite in a brown study, he pursued his way to the house of the only acquaintance he had in the place. This friend Abel determined to sound with respect to the unknown young lady; but, like a prudent man, he confined his raptures exclusively to the house and grounds, and carefully concealed the fact of his having seen any live stock about the place.

"It was probably Mr. Hillier's," observed his friend, "but I advise you to spare your enthusiasm until you have gained the entree of the house—there is something inside much more worth seeing."

Here followed a long eulogy on Mary Ellesmore; during which Abel learned that she was the orphan niece of Mr. and Mrs. Hillier, who, having no children of their own, were completely wrapt up in her; and that Mr. Hillier was a perfect enthusiast upon the subject of farming—a prejudice which Abel was advised to humor.

In the course of the next day Mr. Arnfield was formally introduced at the cottage; apparently as much to the inmates' satisfaction as his own.

His absence from home was so much protracted, in consequence, that various affectionate missives were despatched to him, soliciting some account of his wanderings. He felt rather confused on reading these letters; but then he proudly reflected that he was his own master, and had an undoubted right to do as he pleased.

Mr. Hillier entered the parlor one afternoon, as his wife was delivering quite a panegyric upon their new acquaintance, and interrupted her somewhat angrily, as he exclaimed,

"The fellow has no more soul than you could put in a thimble!"

"No soul, uncle?" repeated Mary, in surprise, "when he talks so beautifully!"

"Talking and acting are two very different things," said Mr. Hillier, wrathfully, "I have just been showing him the beauties of the farm, and, in passing through the cow-yard, he remarked that 'farming was very dirty business.' Haugh! How I do detest those everlasting clean collars of his, and that careful step, as though he were walking on egg-shells! He is not the man for my money."

Mrs. Hillier prudently directed her husband's attention to Mary's burning cheeks; which her uncle surveyed with a look partly of surprise, partly commiseration. Her attention quite taken up with some things in the garden, the niece soon withdrew and left the couple to themselves.

"Why, Mary," said Mr. Hillier, that same evening, "you don't mean to say that the man has really proposed, and that you have accepted him?"

Mary said nothing; but her eyes were very eloquent.

"What possessed you?" continued her uncle.

Something that sounded very much like "love" fell from Mary's lips; but her uncle recognized no such word in his vocabulary.

"Were I a girl," continued Mr. Hillier, "I should as soon think of falling in love with a tailor's walking advertisement as of 'bestowing my affections' (that is the term, I believe,) upon one whose whole energies are concentrated in preserving himself from the least spot of contamination. Why, child, you will have no peace of your life. You are neat enough, I should think, to suit the most fastidious, but this man is a regular fidget."

"Oh, but," said Mary, very quietly, while a sly gleam in her eye betokened some hidden fun, "I intend to cure him. Thinking it a pity that so many noble and interesting qualities should be obscured by this small weakness, I have concluded to take him in hand."

Now Mary, be it known, had the reputation of being a young lady of considerable energy and determination, all in her own quiet way; she was

one, also, who never made an assertion unless she had good grounds for doing so; when, therefore, she expressed her intention in this calm manner, Uncle and Aunt Hillier, though entertaining a few natural misgivings as to the wisdom of such a proceeding, gave their consent to the marriage, and the old lady was soon immersed in all the bustle of preparation.

Abel, having secured his prize, soon returned home; the happy day was appointed, and the bridegroom was to make his appearance on the evening before the ceremony. In the course of a few days an elegant box arrived for Mary; it contained a set of pearls, and a most affectionate letter from Abel's sister. People said that Mary was a fortunate girl; but the uncle and aunt shook their heads, as though the Ides of March were come but not gone.

The wedding eve arrived; the whistle of the last train of cars had died away in the distance, but still no Abel. Mournfully did Mary pace up and down the shaded walk to catch the first glimpse of her truant lover; but no approaching figure darkened the opening, and the shades of evening were fast gathering around. The bride-elect betook herself to a sleepless pillow, and ominous shakes of the head passed around the circle.

The bridal morning dawned fair and beautiful; and as Mary stood before the glass in her own apartment, a very pardonable feeling of satisfaction flushed her cheek, while wreathing the pearls in her shining braids. The bridesmaids were clustered in a knot together—the bride was dressed, to the last hair-pin; the clergyman, in his white robes, was filling the pleasant parlor with a peculiar air of solemnity—everything was ready but the bridegroom.

Low whispers were passing around, and glances of commiseration bent upon Mary; when, at the very last moment, up drove a carriage, and Abel rushed hastily into the house. Something about "unforeseen circumstances" was heard; but the clergyman, indignant at having been kept waiting, would allow no explanation, and in the course of a very short time the two were made one. Guests lingered in hopes of hearing something, but in vain; it was not until their departure that, urged by the questioning looks of Mr. and Mrs. Hillier, Abel proceeded to give some account of himself.

"You cannot imagine, dearest," said he, addressing himself to Mary, "how unhappy I felt at being obliged to delay our meeting; but yesterday morning, when my clothes were sent home, I observed that the tailor had actually sent me a coat of dark, bottle green, instead of the plain black that I ordered—and the washer-woman, in her hurry, had ironed my shirt-bosoms

the wrong way. Believe me, that no other circumstance should have retarded my coming."

Mr. and Mrs. Hillier looked just upon the point of exploding; but a beseeching glance from Mary arrested their indignation half way. The young bride said nothing; but her foot tapped the ground in an impatient manner, as though internals and externals were somewhat at variance.

It was with a reluctant feeling that the worthy couple consigned the child of their adoption to the care of her new guardian; but then, as they remembered Mary's strength of character, the burden of disquietude was somewhat lightened. The two immediately set forth upon the usual wedding tour; and then Mary found herself settled in the heart of a bustling city, in lieu of the quiet country scenes to which she had been accustomed from childhood.

Sometime after his marriage, Abel Arnfield was passing through his usual haunts, when a hearty slap on the back almost staggered even him; but a rough grasp on his arm quite prevented any thoughts of losing his balance. He turned shortly around to meet the face of an old acquaintance.

"Why, Abel, how are you?" shouted a hearty voice, "haven't seen you this age—been getting married, eh?"

At this salutation Abel looked rather sheepish, which on a person of his size was exquisitely absurd.

"But what do I see?" continued the speaker, after a more minute investigation, "don't you remember that we always used to call you the new bank bill? And now, I declare, one of your wristbands has a diminutive wrinkle in the left corner, and I positively see a spot of mud on the heel of your boot—in short, you begin to look like other people. Poor fellow! I always prophesied that you would get a slovenly wife. I suppose that her carelessness has broken your spirit."

"Indeed," replied Abel, somewhat sadly, "you are very much mistaken; my wife is neatness itself—*too* neat entirely. I would ask you to dine with us, but the fact is she never likes my bringing any one home to dinner. She is so afraid of her drawing room."

"But I am deterrained that she *shall* like me," exclaimed his friend, who was quite anxious to witness the system of tactics by which any woman had obtained the upper hand of Abel Arnfield, with respect to such a point as neatness. "Therefore, you may consider me engaged for to-morrow, unless there is something in particular to prevent."

Very doubtful as to the effect of the communication at home, Abel was obliged to second the proposal as joyfully as possible; but it was done

in a manner that caused the waggish Mr. Larkton no little amusement. Abel, rather surprised himself at the change that had come over him, pursued his way homeward—meditating as he went.

In the drawing-room sat Mary, looking very pretty, and so exquisitely neat that one would have been almost afraid to touch her. She tried to evade her husband's kiss; and then smoothed her collar, and shook out the folds of her dress in a manner that quite provoked Abel. Indeed, during the year of their marriage she had contrived to torment him with her exquisite neatness in every possible way. The very day afterward she quietly informed him that she was disappointed in him.

"In what respect?" asked Abel.

"Why," replied Mary, "when we knelt down to pray, during the ceremony, I happened to glance at your glove, the one nearest to me, and I actually detected a small rip between the thumb and the fore finger!"

Poor Abel! This was the reward of his over-neatness. At the last moment he had drawn them on in the greatest possible hurry, without bestowing a thought upon the small chasm that so shocked his bride.

"I did think," continued Mary, "that you were neat—I have such an aversion to slovenly men—but the sex seem naturally inclined to be careless."

All this was gall and wormwood to Abel, and he found the tables turned in a most unexpected manner. Instead of having a wife to correct and admonish, he appeared to be undergoing a thorough system of training.

His domestic arrangements suffered not a little from his wife's troublesome neatness. Scarcely a servant could be found to stay with them, and the very neat ones had been detected in the act of taking liberties with the master's comb and brush; while they often considered the wardrobe of either master or mistress as quite a public concern. There was constant changing and dissatisfaction; sometimes an excellent cook would be dismissed in consequence of Mrs. Arnfield's unexpected visits of investigation to the kitchen—in the course of which she often discovered private proceedings that were altogether at variance with her shrinking delicacy. Her husband's observation that it was best to shut her eyes to these things, only caused them to open still wider in apparent horror and surprise.

Abel had long felt inclined to remonstrate against this state of things, but Larkton's visit fairly capped the climax. Mary received the visitor with a most uneasy glance at his boots; and a visible shade of annoyance passed over her face as the sofa creaked beneath the sudden plunge which Mr. Larkton made into its capacious

depths. He, apparently quite attracted by her sweet face and lady-like appearance, told his most amusing stories; but Mrs. Arnfield's smiles were very frigid ones, and she evidently regarded him with no friendly eye. Larkton, to be sure, had upset a small vase of flowers, thereby spilling the water over the drawing-room carpet; and while Abel assured him that it was not of the slightest consequence, his hostess' eyes seemed to tell a different story.

Dinner was announced; and after the first excitement of getting seated, a dead silence pervaded the circle. Abel, rather embarrassed at the state of affairs, helped the soup with a trembling hand, and in consequence of his agitation, several drops were spilled upon the exquisite table-cloth.

"Thomas," said Mrs. Arnfield, with perfect coolness, "remove the cloth, and bring a clean one."

Abel remonstrated, but in vain; the guest played with his bread during the discussion; and Thomas, one of those neat pokes who seem created for no earthly purpose but to torment one, crawled off with the various things in regular succession. Mr. Larkton thought of the play-bills that say, "an interval of five years is supposed to elapse between the acts"—Mrs. Arnfield looked satisfied—and Mr. Arnfield at boiling heat.

After a long interval of endurance a clean table-cloth was spread; the plates were brought back to their places; and a tureen of cold soup deposited before Mrs. Arnfield. It was removed almost untouched; and, in consequence of the delay, the second course was in very much the same condition. The ice-cream seemed, as the Yankee said of it on a former occasion, "a *leettle* tetch'd with frost;" and on rising from the table the two gentlemen were anything but satisfied with their repast.

On returning to the drawing-room Mr. Larkton saw, with some annoyance, that a servant was employed in removing the prints of his boots from the spotless carpet; and Abel really envied the fate of Jonah. Even the spirits of an inveterate wag are sometimes depressed; and, after a very short evening, Mr. Larkton took his departure.

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed Abel, exploding at the first convenient moment, "how could you do so? You have mortified me beyond measure."

"I have only to repeat," returned his wife, with perfect serenity, "that I am disappointed in you."

"And I in you," groaned Abel, "little did I think that it would be such perfect misery to have a neat wife!"

There was a sly twinkle in Mary's eye as she

asked, "then you really think that a person can be *too* neat?"

"I think," returned Abel, with considerable energy, "that I would give half my fortune if you were only a sloven—yes, *an actual sloven!*"

To his great surprise, Mary had thrown one arm around his neck, and was laughing uncontrollably.

"How I have been watching for this avowal!" said she, "I had almost given you up as incorrigible—you bore all sorts of torments so stoically—but human endurance, it seems, could go no farther. Do you know, *cher ami*, that on our wedding day, in a feeling of pique at your considering the color of your coat of more consequence than an evening's *tete a-tete* with me, I planned this line of conduct, and determined to

carry it through? I think that now, having your eyes fully opened to the horrors of inordinate neatness, you will scarcely inflict upon me what you have suffered during the last twelvemonths."

Abel, being a sensible man, said very little, but actually kissed his tormentor in a sort of frantic delight.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillier soon after made them a visit, and observed, with some surprise, that, although Abel was still neat enough to escape an imputation of slovenliness, he no longer made neatness a ruling passion, or suffered it to interfere with his enjoyments. Mary, in reply to their surprised looks, referred them by a glance to her husband; but Abel was apparently surveying very curious things at the bottom of his cup.

ELLEN CAMERON'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY AGNES LINWOOD.

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ELLEN CAMERON'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY AGNES LINWOOD.

"HEIGH-HO! how lonesome and dull a day is this for me," complained poor Ellen Cameron, as she sat at a front parlor window, watching wistfully the cloudless sky.

Poor Ellen sighed very often, as visions of former days, where she had moved queen of the dance, rose to mind; and she almost wished it would rain, just a little, to reconcile her to this imprisonment. Along the principal street of the village was hurrying a brilliant throng of passengers, all tending in one direction, all actuated by one impulse, to celebrate the anniversary of a nation's freedom. The mode of commemoration for the day was a pic-nic, the place a cool, shady grove on the outskirts of the village. Can we wonder then that Ellen, fair Ellen, a village belle and beauty, was pining to be with them; that she longed to be dancing on the pic-nic green, or beneath the cool magnolia shade, bantering the gay jest, or witty repartee? But she had promised her father to devote one gala day to higher purposes, and sweet Ellen was not one to hold to the letter, yet break the spirit of a vow.

While we have been speaking of Ellen, the crowd, even to the last pedestrian, has passed out of sight, each and every one intent to enjoy enough of dancing, dining, and speaking, to last them for a twelvemonth.

We have spoken of Ellen's beauty. It was the beauty of intellect and genius linked with the most generous sympathies, pure and elevated sentiments: the light of a glorious soul radiating round her, and flooding home with its sunshine. Yet in society she was gay, and often trifling, as if she scorned to let the world know how deep and holy were her feelings: an often fatal error with the young and lovely.

Emerging from the nun-like seclusion of a country home, and the watchful care of a governess a few months since, Ellen Cameron had assumed the charge of her father's house in town, and plunged at once into the whirlpool of fashionable society. Smile not, exclusive city belle, at the pretensions of a village, for our Southern towns afford as many facilities for thus wasting time, and have as haughty an aristocracy as the more enlarged though not superior circles of the east. Simple in habit, unconscious of her charms, fascinated, bewildered, Ellen yielded to the current, and but for

occasional glimpses of a higher purpose, would have been passed unnoticed by the few men in her set, who rose superior to, and disdained, the butterfly crowd. Her easy grace of manner, joyous ringing laugh, and unceasing flow of bright, sparkling thoughts, brought to her feet a host of lovers; but Ellen was difficult to please; and her cultivated mind sought a spirit-mate. Yet there was one who occasionally appeared in her train of adorers, among them, but not of them. Ellen was, to a certain extent, the embodiment of his early dreams; and he would have deemed her the perfection of loveliness in mind, as in person, if her ready laugh had not rung forth so joyously for every puerile witticism of the crowd: if she had not loved the world quite so passionately; if she had only given more of her sunlight at home. Often he repeated to himself that Ellen was a dear, winsome creature, and a desirable partner in the ball-room, but not the mate for life. "She, the star of her little world, could never bound her ambition to the domestic domain." Thus he often reasoned. But again and again her image returned to its shrine in his heart; and just now, as he wended his way to the grove, was uppermost in his thoughts.

While we have been reading the inner life of those two beings, Ellen had been dreaming of him. Her keen perceptions understood that lofty soul; her own was a kindred spirit, and she knew it; knew that he alone could make her happy; and feeling in the depths of her soul this truth, she shuddered at the strong probability that he would wed her rival. Often she had marked how carelessly he turned from her. While she thus pondered, the rapid trotting of horses aroused her, and glancing down the street, she saw the object of her thoughts approaching in his faultless equipage. The little heart fluttered as she thought how her rival would triumph to-day; but in an instant the envious feeling was crushed as she answered his greeting.

"What, Miss Cameron!" he said, pausing at the window, "are you not going to the pic-nic?"

"No," she replied, "pa is not here, and I could not go."

"Will you take a seat with me? It will give me pleasure to attend you."

"No," answered Ellen, decisively, "you are very kind, but I have promised not to go. Good morning, Mr. Merton."

He bowed and rolled on. Poor Ellen heaved one regretful sigh, and then rose resolutely from her seat, determined to spend the day pleasantly, and keep her thoughts at home. Here and there about the house, things out of joint caught her eye. Visions of their once faultless household rose from the store-house of old memories. Thoughts of her father's indulgent kindness, and the memory of his often half-suppressed sighs, came treading in the footsteps of these visions: then more shadows from the long-forgotten past—the loved mother, meek and gentle, the lessons learned in childhood from the now sealed lips: the olden time, with its lofty dreams, its generous aspirations, the holy purpose with which she entered on her duties, and the long vista of follies and frivolities which had followed; all these and more, came crowding on her brain, peopling its chambers with regrets, and new resolves, and bringing tears for the wasted hours, which had borne with them to oblivion no record, save of duties unfulfilled. The false lights which had led her on stood revealed in that hour of heart communing. She now appreciated the influence which an unceasing pursuit of pleasure exercised over a mind constituted like her own; and thankfully turned from the precipice of heartless and guilty selfishness on which she had trembled. The old purposes resumed their throne, and with a chastened spirit she resolved to begin again her career as a useful being, hoping thus to cheer the old age of her father.

While thus resolving and repenting, there came a knock at the door, which she hastened to open. There stood Mr. Merton, looking as if he had never thought of the picnic. His fine eyes beamed upon her with a kindly interest, but no more; and quietly he explained the cause of his return.

"I thought you must be very lonely and sad, Miss Cameron; and out there in the noisy crowd, the remembrance of your cool, shady parlor, and sweet music, had such an influence that I am here, begging you to tolerate my society, and bestow on me that music I love so well."

Ellen had grown very calm before he came, and she talked to him quietly now, as if he was a friend, and nothing more: as if his was not the power to stir her heart's depths, and call forth its sweetest or most thrilling tones. But self-possessed as she appeared, he held the key to her soul, and bending those deep, kindly eyes upon her, drew forth gradually, imperceptibly, the occupation of the morning. The recital over, he took his favorite arm-chair, and buried in its soft cushions, listened as her music, first grand and solemn, pealed forth, waking the sleeping echoes; then gay and joyous, like her own bird-like tones, seemed warbling around him; then changing to another strain, slow and soothing,

stole upon his ear, like her own sweet spirit dawning in its newer, gentle light. There was a clear, holy effulgence in those deep violet eyes, which was new and refreshing; a purity about the fair, delicate face, a calmness resting over all, which he found it difficult to account for, until she explained those morning reflections. And now he felt that he could love Ellen at last, that he had always done her injustice. He said to himself, "what an inestimable treasure, what a priceless gem would be her heart to him who won it; how heavenly the light she would shed round his path on earth."

Impelled by these feelings, he rose and took her little hands from the keys; then drawing her to the recess of a large window opening on a bed of flowers, he said:—"Ellen, Miss Cameron, for long months I have struggled against my love for you, thinking you too frivolous; but to-day I have seen that I misjudged you. Will you, can you pardon the error? Forgive me, Ellen! And oh, if it is possible, let me hope that you will be the guiding star of my destiny, the ministering spirit to interpose between my wavering heart and earth's allurements: my comforter, my consoler here, my soul's mate in eternity. Ellen, you are the arbiter of my fate! My life belongs to God; therefore if you reject me, I should not dare to fling it away, or to sully my soul's purity. No, I make no such threats. But the heart within, the sweet spring of hope, and happiness, from whose founts flow the joys of life—that will be crushed, withered, my life this side the tomb, hopeless!"

Ellen had stood listening to his words, pale, trembling, her hand imprisoned between his, her head drooping. She was frightened at this sudden avowal. It was as if it brought wretchedness and misery, instead of granting the utmost desire of her heart. Her tears flowed: at first violently; then more gently as a calming influence stole over her; and soon her head sank upon his shoulder with a heartfelt love and trust, telling him better than words the story of those long months of uncertainty. Who can doubt her answer? But we draw a veil over those two hearts; for such scenes are sacred.

And Ellen and her lover were married. Not for them were the puerile pursuits of fashion: higher aims were theirs; nobler joys were before them. It was in domestic life that they sought happiness. The world, with its carking care and heartless ambitions, was shut out from their door. They lived for each other, and with each other, not for the vain applause of society. To the husband, each returning evening brought back home's sweet content, the peace of a satisfied heart. And when storms of sorrow came, his sympathy sustained Ellen in turn, his love repaid

all pangs of bitterness. When it was he that bowed before the storm, her hand still pointed upward, her sweet voice murmured, "trust in God."

Oh! woman, knowest thou thy glorious mission? If so, why strive for distinctions which bring but shame and sorrow? Ye restless ones, who have never tasted home joys, and go seeking after empty honors, know that woman's sphere is home, and her influence there one of the highest trusts Providence has placed in mortal hands. Standing on the threshold of her door she meets the wanderer, and encircling him in her arms, shuts out the world with its falsehood and disappointments. To soothe the over-wrought brain and calm the shattered nerves; to make the social hearth a charmed circle, impenetrable to care, and brightened by affection's smile: this is woman's lot in life! To lead man from wordly temptation, to win him on to loving the wise and benificent Creator: to sympathise with his aspirations, glory

in his triumphs, and brighten disappointment by the touch of love; is not this enough for woman? Let us leave to man the toiling for fame, the buffeting with the world. Let us cherish no higher ambition than banishing frowns from his brow, and smoothing the rugged pathway of life.

Is this sphere too contracted? Are thy energies too cramped here? Go forth into the world then—but go to the sufferer; this also is thy province; seek the indigent and sick, be to them a ministering angel: give of thy bounty to the starving, and thou wilt be an angel upon earth. Go to those who have never heard of a ruling Providence, of a God over all; and rest assured, while thy lips speak of pardon and peace to the miserable outcast, peace will enter thy own soul and still its discontent forever!

Let the lives of Ellen and Merton read you the lesson, and your own hearts find the moral which my pen is too feeble to point.

ALICE VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DOBA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in
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A FEW days subsequent to the funeral of Mr. Vernon, Alice, taking Lily with her, visited the grave.

It was in one of those rural cemeteries, now so common, but then less frequent; a lovely and picturesque locality, a few miles out of town. The grave was in, perhaps, the sweetest spot of the whole place, a wooded bluff, overhanging the river, and commanding a beautiful prospect, up and down the sinuous stream.

Lily had never been at a funeral, so that the cemetery was a new thing to her. At first she regarded it only as a pretty garden. She was full of gaiety as they proceeded up the gravelled road, exclaiming with delight at the abundant flowers. But when she saw that tears were silently running down her mother's cheeks, her exuberant spirits vanished immediately, and she walked gravely along, holding her mother's hand, wondering much, yet saying nothing. As they entered deeper into the cemetery, and the white monuments began to appear, Lily's wonder increased, for she could not understand why any one should be sad in so beautiful a place. Once or twice she was on the point of asking her mother what these pretty monuments meant, but, with an instinct above her years, restrained herself, for she felt that it might increase her parent's sorrow. At last they reached the fresh grave of Mr. Vernon, where the tears of Alice became sobs, loud and violent.

Lily stood in silence, for some time, looking from the grave to her mother, and from her mother to the grave, and wearing an expression of mingled concern, awe and wonder. She could not understand why, but the child felt strangely, and could not speak, at least for a while.

"Mamma," she said, at last, nestling timidly to her mother's side, "why do you cry?"

Alice had, for some time, been unconscious of the presence of her daughter, so deep and engrossing had been her grief. She now looked down at the dear, affectionate child with something of compunction, yet uncertain, for a moment, what to answer. For how should she explain to that young intellect this great mystery of death!

"Because," she finally replied, "your grandpa is dead, and lies buried here."

Dead! What was that, reflected the child. It was something solemn, yet mournful too; and a vague instinct of its terrors froze her young heart.

She stood quietly for some time, gazing earnestly on the grave; then said, looking up, and speaking very low,

"Is grandpa, that you used to tell me of, down under the ground there? Is that what it is to be dead?"

"That is part of it, my love."

The child shuddered.

"And can't he speak, or hear?" she continued, her large eyes dilated with solemn awe. "How cold it must be down there!"

"Your grandpa is not there: it is only his body; his soul has gone to heaven," said Alice, chokingly, her tears raining on the uplifted face of the child.

The countenance of the little questioner brightened, though the solemnity remained.

"He has gone to God then, where good people go. He is not shut up in that dark, wet place down there, all alone of nights. If I thought he was, mamma, I should want to get him out, and take him home, poor grandpapa: wouldn't you?"

"Yes, my child." And the tears continued to pour down. "But, thank heaven, he is not there. He is with bright angels, my love. Perhaps even now he looks down on us, and forgives your mother."

"Mamma," said Lily, her attention being so aroused, by what went before, that she did not heed the last part of the sentence, and she dropped her voice still lower, "do you think grandpa sees us? How I should like to see him. If he was only like that dear, nice old gentleman I met in the square, I know I should love him. Shall I never see him?"

"No, my dear, not in this world. But be a good girl, and you shall meet him in heaven."

"And must I, too, die, mamma, before I can get to heaven?"

"Yes, my child."

"And be buried?"

"Yes, love."

"But I shan't stay here, shall I? I shall go right up to heaven, where the angels are."

"Yes, dear."

"And will you and pa go too?"

"I hope so."

"Then, mamma," and she drew nearer to her mother, with a gesture of indescribable tenderness, "I think I should like to go to heaven, for there I should have grandpapa as well as you and pa. Heaven is beautiful, isn't it? You used to tell me it was full of flowers, and fountains, and birds, and woods, and everything lovely; and that little children played there, dressed all in white, while the angels made music to them. Oh! I should like to go to heaven."

"Perhaps you will, only too soon for us," cried the mother, in a passion of alarmed love, clasping the child to her arms. "You are too good for this world."

After that, Alice and Lily often went to the grave, until the idea of death became a familiar thing with the child. It had a strange effect upon her. It did not terrify her, as it does most children. But it filled her with a calm seriousness, that was not without a certain joy. So spiritual were the perceptions of the child that the unsightly grave was nothing in her eyes, while heaven was everything.

Meantime the revenge, for which Isabel had plotted, was being worked out. Poverty, pinching poverty was overtaking the Randolphs.

No sooner had the contents of Mr. Vernon's will become publicly known, than the creditors of Randolph began to besiege him in a body. With all his merit, not having yet made a name to lead the ignorant rich to patronize him, he had found very few persons to purchase his pictures; and hence had fallen deeply into debt. But so long as his wife's father lived, his creditors were content to wait; for Alice had the reputation of being an heiress, and it was supposed that when Mr. Vernon died, he would make provision for her, notwithstanding her elopement.

But now that the truth was made public, now that it was known she was penniless, every creditor presented his account. Randolph had nothing, however, with which to satisfy them. This year had been particularly unfortunate. His best pieces remained unsold, and he had not the heart to paint others, while this was the case. For his physical health was giving way, through the wear and tear on his nervous system, which his anxiety caused him. Sometimes he was tempted to think he had mistaken his vocation, and almost envied the street pavier, who, though working for a paltry pittance, had yet a certainty.

"Heaven knows," he said, one night, when he

had been harrassed more than usual, "heaven knows the beggar in the streets need not envy me. A place on the floor, a cold bone, and a bit of bread will satisfy his wants; but I have a delicately nurtured wife, and an angel of a child depending on me. Oh! that I had never seen a pencil; that I had had anything but an artist."

At this moment the door opened gently, and Alice stole into the studio. She had caught these last words.

"Say not so, George," she replied. "If no one else admires your pictures I do," and she stole her arm around him, and laying her head lovingly on his shoulder, looked up into his face. "Nor is it a mere wife's admiration for a husband's work. I feel, to my inmost soul—and in the soul alone is true art to be appreciated—that you are no common artist, and that, in time, the world will acknowledge this. Remember, dearest, how the old masters were slighted, at first."

"What advantage will it be to me," gloomily replied Randolph, "to be recognized as a great artist after we have been starved to death? Alice, look at this," and he drew a coin from his pocket, "it is my last dollar, and when that is gone I do not know where to get another."

Even the countenance of Alice fell.

"It is no longer a question of economy," he resumed, bitterly, "it is one of actual want. If I do not sell a picture we shall soon be without food."

"Surely it is not so bad as that," said Alice, trying to speak cheerfully. "The baker will trust us——"

"Not for a penny," said Randolph, almost savagely. "He has been twice to see me to-day, and, the last time, called me a cheat because I could not pay him. I even told him I would paint his portrait, if he would consent to wait, and serve us a little while longer. He only laughed at me for a fool; those were his very words."

There was a minute's silence. Then Alice said: it was her sole remaining comfort.

"God will find a way to help us. Do not let us despond entirely!"

But Randolph shook his head. His unceasing ill-fortune had utterly broken him down, at least for the time; and he had lost faith—as men will, though not women—in the protecting Providence of the Almighty.

"I wish, Alice, I had your child-like trust," he said, sadly. "But when I see unprincipled speculators, knavish attorneys, and griping usurers rolling in riches, while we have to struggle on, in this life and death way, it shakes my old belief in Providential interferences. No, the Almighty does not trouble himself about such poor worms."

as I, but leaves us to the operation of known laws; and one of those laws is that the artist, who attempts anything above mere portrait painting, at least in America, if poor, must starve."

"Oh! George, this is worse than all," cried Alice, bursting into tears. "Don't look, and talk so."

His heart was softened at once. He pressed her to his bosom, and said, repentantly, "I forgot myself, Alice. May God forgive me! But if you knew how I have been harrassed to-day. Sometimes I have felt like a wild beast, as if I could turn on the world and rend it."

"I know it is dreadful. But, dear, dear George, don't blaspheme the goodness of the Almighty again. He is punishing us for our sins, and, instead of submitting meekly, and becoming chastened in spirit, you rise up in rebellion."

"I will try not to let such thoughts master me again. There, dry those tears, Alice: to see you weeping is more than I can bear."

Alice stopped weeping, at these words, and looking up with a smile, said,

"Have you seen Mr. Netherly? He was struck, you know, with your picture, when he was here. Didn't you go to him to-day?"

"Yes, but he seemed to have forgotten all about it," replied Randolph. "He told me he thought it a sin to waste money on pictures; that he gave whatever he had to spare to the poor; and that consequently he never purchased paintings. If I had been a beggar, perhaps, and asked him outright for money," he said, with bitter vehemence, "he might have given me an alm."

Alice sighed.

"Then I went to the exhibition," continued Randolph, "to see if any person had bid for a picture there. But no one had. Several, however, had greatly admired them, I was told." He spoke with a sneer.

Alice sighed again; but immediately brightened up, and strove to reassure her husband. "It is the darkest hour, they say, just before the dawn," she replied. "Perhaps Isabel has relented, and will do something for us."

"If Isabel saw you starving at her door, Alice," said Randolph, "she would not send you a crust, or allow a servant to bear you a cup of water." Randolph had, by carefully putting things together, at last divined the cause of Isabel's conduct. "She hates you, Alice, as women only can hate, and would rejoice to see you dead before her. Nay, do not stop me, for I speak God's truth. It was she that set your father against you, that kept his anger from relenting, that guarded his death-bed chamber lest you should have an interview with the old man, and that made the will which has beggared you."

He had spoken this with so much vehemence that Alice, though she had tried, could not check him. But now she replied,

"No, no, George? Isabel does not love me any longer, but she is not, she could not be as bad as that."

"Then why don't she give you your share of the inheritance? If she will only do this," he added, mournfully, "and keep you from starving, I will take a vow never to see you again."

"George, George, don't talk that way. Pray don't. You know I would never leave you. Isabel don't give me my share of the estate, because she knows that such generosity would be in violation of pa's wishes."

"Poor fool," said Randolph, holding her off from him, and looking at her pityingly. "You believe all this."

Alice was again in tears. "I don't know what has come over you, George," she said, sobbing. "You talk and look so queer. As if, sometimes, you were half insane."

"And I am," he answered, abruptly. "That is just the truth, sometimes I am half insane. Alice, I used to think myself a strong-minded man; but I am merely a weak child; I can't bear up against this incessant anxiety; it is wearing my life away. And I despise myself for it."

She was now weeping more violently than ever.

"Day and night, asleep or awake, it is still the same. I am haunted by this approaching starvation, which I see coming nearer and nearer, but which I cannot avert. I never told you before, Alice, but I have tried, within the last month, to get something else to do, I did not care what, anything that would preserve a house over your head, and buy bread for Lily. But I have failed. I know no mechanical pursuit, I never studied book-keeping, I am incompetent for a salesman, and if I solicited a porter's place, I believe, as I believe in eternity, that I should be told I was too weak. You see how my pride has fallen. I do not wonder that men, in straits like these, have committed suicide."

"Oh! George, oh! George." It was all the weeping wife could say.

"Men, I mean, who had no wife, nor child," he resumed, less bitterly. "God is my judge, Alice, I never harbored such a thought of myself." She clung to him convulsively. "No, while I live, and you live, I will fight on, though I die in the battle. There, forgive me for all this; it has increased your own sorrow. From this time forth, dearest, you shall never hear me complain again."

"It is not that which makes me weep," said Alice, drying her tears. "I have been foolish, that is all. I would rather, far rather hear you

speak as you have done, for then I know all that is in your heart; and then I can sympathize with, and soothe you, that is if you will let me," and she gazed up into his face, with a look of tenderness inexpressible.

"Will you?"

"Ah! Alice," replied the husband, his sterner mood giving way to one inexpressibly sweet, for the nature of Randolph combined the bitterness of manhood with the softness of a child, and hence his aptitude for his art. "Ah! Alice, you make me forget all my sorrows. What would have become of me without you?"

"You would have had none of these cares." And she sighed, as she added, "it is I that am the mill-stone which drags you down. But for me, you would have gone to Europe, and there you could have easily supported yourself, even though you sold but one picture a year."

"Alice," he said, seriously, "I can say truly that, with all our troubles, I have never regretted marrying you; and had I to live my life over, knowing all I do, I would take you again, and thank heaven for the gift."

Alice answered only by clinging closer to her husband, and shedding some glad tears secretly on his bosom.

"And now let us look for Lily," said Randolph, at last. "Where is she?"

"I left her in the other room, telling her to wait till I returned. I will go to her."

"We will both go," said Randolph, his heart full of gratitude for two such treasures as Alice and that child.

But what had become of Isabel? Now that she had obtained her revenge, was she happy? Happy! was ever sin yet happy, from that first great crime, when the first son slew the first brother, through all the ages of human depravity since?

Scarcely was her father dead when remorse awoke in Isabel's bosom. It was not that remorse which leads to repentance, and reparation; for her pride, if nothing else, would have forbidden this. But it was the remorse, which consists in a never-ceasing conflict between the relentless determination to have vengeance, and the struggles of a conscience not yet entirely seared. Night and day, asleep and awake, in her heart raged this terrible strife:—fit type of the torments of the world to come.

She could not remain in the house where her father died. His unseen presence appeared to fill it everywhere, oppressing her with an awfulness and horror indescribable. If, by chance, she entered his death-chamber, as she did once or twice thoughtlessly, she could scarcely shake off the feeling that he was lying on the bed in the agonies of dissolution. That despairing look

seemed to rise up before her. She heard in imagination, but as vividly as in reality, the words, rattling with the final breath, "it is too late—all is in vain, oh! my God."

Think not, ye who violate eternal justice, that the memory even of a single act will ever be annihilated! A deed once done exists undying. It may pass from the recollection; subsequent events may bury it, fathom-deep, under them; a long lapse of years, and a soul grown callous at last may seem to have utterly destroyed it. But it lives, and will live immortally. It will wake, at the hour of death, if it never wakes before. It will follow you into eternity. Forever and forever will it haunt you, with ten thousand, thousand similar spectres, a brood that never give you peace. Ah! if there could but be annihilation for the guilty. •

Isabel chose a distant city for her residence. It was a fair, sweet town, on the banks of a lovely river. Its size was such as to secure for the inhabitants the luxuries and refinements, without the utter heartlessness of a great city. A mass of white buildings, buried among green trees, with snowy steeples soaring heavenward, it seemed a fit retreat for a wearied heart, seeking, imploring rest. But to Isabel it brought not this blessed consolation. At first, indeed, the change of scene gave her a momentary respite, and ever afterward she escaped the haunting horrors of that death-chamber; but perfect peace was not for one like her, who still hugged her revenge, still persisted in wrong doing.

She hired a companion, set up an equipage, and furnished her house with all that luxury and taste could suggest, or wealth supply. Her dwelling was one of the handsomest in the place, and commanded, from its drawing-room windows, a prospect of hill, meadow, wood and stream, which looked almost like fairy-land. Her beauty, style, accomplishments, and conversational powers made her universally courted. Old, retired *habitués* declared her the most charming woman of her time, "almost equal," they said, with a sigh, "to the belles of their earlier days." Many a fortune was laid at her feet, by those distinguished for fashion or otherwise. All the ladies of her gay, wealthy, luxurious, hollow, aristocratic set envied her.

Yet still she was not happy. Though surrounded by incense, it was yet not such as her better nature desired, and though smiling on it, she despised it all in her secret soul. For there is something in guilt that instinctively repels, as there is in innocence that attracts; a subtle essence indescribable, but which acts with resistless power: and hence, though occasionally there approached her, even in this empty society, those whose esteem she might have prized, they

soon shrank coldly from her, nor could she, with all her arts, win them to her side.

One such was Edward Mountjoy. He was of a nature that had Isabel met him, even in earlier and different days, she could not but have loved him. But now, with a heart scourged by incessant tempests of remorse and a still unsatiated thirst for revenge, a heart that yearned with an agony inexpressible for affection as for the only repose possible in this life, she would have sacrificed everything, fortune, almost character itself, for the esteem of this man. Long she tried, by every wile known to her, to secure his love. Yet, with a score of suitors sighing at her feet, all wealthier, and many as talented as Mountjoy, she could produce no impression on him. For he had a great, noble, expansive heart, and with unerring instinct, it warned him against her.

"Why, Mountjoy," said one of his acquaintance, "I never knew so blind a fool as you are. Don't you see that Miss Vernon is dying for love of you? Such a person, such a mind, and, egad, such a fortune too: there are a dozen men in town who would almost sell their souls to win her."

"You flatter me," said Mountjoy, coldly. "But I am no suitor for either Miss Vernon's hand, or fortune, and what is more, I never shall be."

"You are incomprehensible."

"Perhaps to you, Harry, I am," said Mountjoy, for he knew well his trifling, though good-natured acquaintance. "But there is something, in Miss Vernon, magnificent as she is, which makes me shudder. One can't see into her soul. To you, no doubt, her eyes seem brilliant?"

"By Jove, I never saw anything like them."

"To me they wear a haze, like that which one might fancy, rose from the tortured abyss of the damned—"

"Are you crazy? Why, man, you make out Miss Vernon to be an ogress at heart; for that's the plain meaning, I take it, of your splendid trope."

"I don't say anything such thing. I only say

that she produces that feeling in me. I never look at her, when her face is quiet for a moment, without being reminded of Lady Macbeth."

"I declare you are the queerest fellow I ever knew. The beautiful, happy, adored Miss Vernon a Lady Macbeth."

"You ask me why I didn't marry her, and that is my answer. One can't help his feelings, you know."

"But I'd marry her for her fortune, and for the *éclat* of the thing, if she was only half as sweet on me as she is on you."

"I have no doubt you would," said Mountjoy, smiling, half scornfully, half pityingly. "You're an excellent little fellow, Harry, but you can't comprehend everything."

Harry was used to such remarks from Mountjoy. He winced under them always, as he winced under this now, but he did not grow angry. As Boswell would receive rebuff on rebuff from Johnson, yet fawn on the hand that administered them, so Harry could not rebel against Mountjoy, the sense of inferiority, and his pride in having such an acquaintance preventing such a thing.

"Of course, Harry," said Mountjoy, observing the crest-fallen look of his admirer, and almost regretting what he had said, "you'll not repeat this conversation. I say things to you, about myself, that I don't say to other people."

This was true, for Harry kept confidence honorably, and to talk to him was, in more respects than one, like soliloquizing aloud. The humble friend was restored to his equanimity immediately.

"I'll never breathe a word of it. But, egad," he added, in his lively way, "I'll never see Miss Vernon again, without thinking of Lady Macbeth. And now I reflect on it, I do believe she could play the character magnificently, with that tall figure, and those dark eyes: and that's what you mean, no doubt."

But Mountjoy only smiled vaguely, and opened a law-book, which Harry knew was a signal that he wished to be left alone. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE "SOPHIE WALTZ."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

SCHAUER was a second Orpheus, whose tender moving, spirit-stirring, rapturous music conquered the most inveterate enemy of Terpsichore; whose magic sounds soothes hearts, stilled sighs, dried tears, tamed wild beasts, and moved the stones themselves. Strauss composed waltzes that are more than many operas. In seven of his measures there is often more melody than in as many scores of other musicians. What a fulness of syren beauty, what a rich mine of poetry! What an inexhaustible fount of ever-gushing melody! and not the melody alone—the rhyme also, with magical influence, seizes the brain, and enters the heart. There are many waltz compositions as rich in melody, but few so rich in melting rhythm, as those of Strauss. By turns skipping, humming, warbling, gliding, dancing—so inviting, so irresistible, that no dancer can withstand their witching influence—he is the idol of woman. In every house—on every piano in Vienice, lie Strauss's waltzes. He has written over two hundred; all are favorites, all are sung, and trilled, and played throughout Europe. Cobbler and dandy hum and pipe them. Orchestra and barrel organ play them. We hear them in the street, at the ball, in the garden, and at the theatre. The dancing Viennese shout—“Strauss forever.”

This Strauss, this waltz hero, loved the daughter of a count. Sophie was her name. Her eye was bluer than Italy's heavens, and softer than the sweet light of the evening star. Grace and beauty were in every motion, and music in every tone. In a word, Sophie was beautiful. He would have given worlds to win but one glance of love; but she was cold and stern. Madness, indeed, for a poor musician, with nothing but his violin, to dare to love the high born Sophie, who had as many noble ancestors as he had waltzes! “Impertinent!” said Sophie; and when he came to give her brother a lesson on the violin, she scarcely deigned him a look. Shortly afterward Sophie was betrothed to Count Robert, Lord Chamberlain, who had, indeed, as many proud ancestors as Sophie, but beyond these and his titles, had nothing of which he could boast.

One day, when Strauss chanced to be alone with Sophie, he sank upon his knees before her, and with burning words, declared his love, and besought her to give him but one word or look of love ere he was driven to despair. But neither

tears nor protestations moved her. She was cold and unfeeling as marble. “I am an affianced bride,” she said, haughtily, “and if I were not, think you I would become the wife of a poor musician?”

She turned scornfully away, and left him alone in his grief and despair.

The repentance which soon awoke in the heart of Sophie unhappily came too late. The bride-groom and her father hastened the marriage—in eight days she would be the wife of Count Robert. The ceremony was to be performed in the great saloon of the city, and the count called on Strauss to request him to lead the orchestra on that occasion, and also to honor his bride with the composition of a new waltz.

Strauss, the most miserable man in the world, promised him both. “He wishes to wound me yet more deeply,” said the unhappy man to himself, “but I forgive him; and may she be happy—may she never repent her choice.” He addressed himself earnestly to his work. This waltz should be the interpreter of his passion and his grief to Sophie. It should challenge, at least, her pity, if not her love. When all the great city slept, Strauss took his violin, opened the window, gazed out into the cold night, improvised, and moaned forth his sad tale of woe to the sweet stars above, that looked kindly down on the desolate and the heart-stricken musician.

The day of the wedding came at last. This fierce agony of soul had given him a waltz, every measure of which spoke a longing sorrow, a wailing woe. The hall glistened and shone with bright jewels and brighter eyes, but Sophie was more gloriously beautiful than all. The richest gems lent their charms and their lustre, the pure myrtle wreath bloomed in her golden hair, and the rare and costly bridal veil shaded her beautiful features from the full gaze of the adoring crowd. Strauss, a haggard, emaciated man, with brilliant, piercing black eyes, and sharp, strongly marked features, dressed in a suit of black—as though he had assumed this mourning livery for the bride now dead to him—stood sad and silent in the gallery above, directing the movements of the orchestra. Sophie danced now with one, now with another of the wedding guests, and as often as she paused after the giddy whirl of the dance, she turned her eyes toward the pale, grief-stricken Strauss, in his robes of sorrow and

mourning, and met his piercing look of despairing love. It was more than pity she felt—it was remorse—it was kindling love! A terrible pain awoke in her heart, like a swelling stream, growing ever wider and deeper, threatening to quite overwhelm and destroy her. Gladly she would have wept, but she dared not.

It sounded twelve o'clock, and Strauss gave the signal for the performance of the new waltz. The gay dancers stood up, Sophie hanging on the arm of the happy bridegroom—all stood spell-bound with the wondrous, witching power of those magic sounds.

They forgot to dance, they gazed wonderingly up at the pale man in black, whose grief-torn soul breathed out his woe, through the sounding strings of his instrument. His bow moved with

his heart—with his spirit. The bridegroom led off—they dance and dance—Strauss follows the flying pair with tearful eyes, and bleeding heart. They dance, and dance, and dance, without interruption. Strauss plays, and plays, and plays, with untiring energy, this wonderful waltz, which so fearfully affects both him and them. The dancers whirled around. He played, and played. Suddenly, the *E* of his violin snaps—and in that moment Sophie falls dead upon the floor.

Violin and bow fell from his trembling hands, and with a cry of horror he shrieked—“Sophie,” and fell fainting on the ground.

Since Sophie's death, the waltz is called by her name. Strauss loved her until his death. He, too, now is dead; but his charming “Sophie Waltz” is imperishable as his fame.

"JUDGE NOT."

BY JANE WEAVER.

"I don't like Mrs. Stewart at all," said Emma Huntley, as the door closed on two morning visitors. "She has such a loud voice and rude manner. How different from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Penrose!"

"Mrs. Penrose is certainly the most lady-like," replied the mother, quietly. "But we must not always determine from appearances."

"You don't mean," answered the daughter, in some surprise, "that you prefer the rude Mrs. Stewart to the elegant Mrs. Penrose?"

"Not altogether," said Mrs. Huntley, smiling. "A fine manner is assuredly a great accomplishment: and of two ladies, equally meritorious in other respects, the one who is well-bred is undeniably the most deserving. But there is such a thing as a finished behavior being accompanied with a cold and selfish heart; as a rude exterior often conceals a noble and generous soul."

"And you think our visitors are of this description?"

"You are too hasty in your conclusion again," said the mother, with another smile. "All I wish to impress on you is charity, and to refrain from judging your neighbors. You pronounce against Mrs. Stewart because her manner is bad, and in favor of Mrs. Penrose for her graceful politeness. Now both these qualities are mere outward ones, so to speak, and though not without value, are less important than those of the heart. As yet you know neither of our neighbors well enough to tell accurately what these latter are. It was against your hasty judgment that I protested."

"You may be right, mamma, and I suppose you are, for you are older and better and wiser than I am," said Emma, fondly kissing her parent. "But if, as I have read, the qualities of the soul become imprinted in the face, and developed in the manner, then Mrs. Penrose must be, after all, the best of the two."

"I never knew general rules to apply to all cases," answered Mrs. Huntley. "And I doubt," she continued, "whether your principle is correct. It is certain that some of the worst people that ever lived have been the handsomest and most fascinating, while others, the very best of their kind, have been plain-looking."

Here the conversation stopped. But it was not long before an incident occurred, which developed the characters of the sisters-in-law in their true light.

Not far from the elegant residences of the Huntleys, Stewarts and Penroses, was a row of meaner houses, where day laborers, widows, and others of the poor lived. One day a little boy, about two years old, the only child of a bereaved wife, was run over by a careless carman and so seriously injured that he died that night.

The news of the accident spread immediately throughout the vicinity. Among the richer neighbors Mrs. Penrose heard it first. She listened to the tale, as told by an affrighted servant, but though she well knew the widow's poverty, and though the distance to the house of affliction was but a step, she contented herself with saying how unfortunate it was, and what a shocking affair, but did nothing.

Not so Mrs. Stewart. The moment she heard of the disaster, she flew to the side of the half frantic woman, who sat wringing her hands by the bed-side of the crushed child, while a dozen poor neighbors looked on. The first inquiry of Mrs. Stewart was if any one had gone after a physician, and, on receiving a reply in a negative, she sent for her man servant, and despatched him immediately for a surgeon. When the medical man came, it was Mrs. Stewart who filled the place, which the agonized mother could not: it was she who afterward watched by the little sufferer until he died; it was she who prepared him for the coffin, furnishing one of her children's

most elegantly worked frocks; and it was she who paid, out of her private purse, the undertaker's bill, and the charge at the cemetery. It was she, too, who consoled the almost heart-broken mother in this sudden and awful affliction.

In a word, Mrs. Stewart proved herself a kind-hearted and thoughtful neighbor, who allowed no differences in station to interfere with her human sympathies, but who felt as warmly and acted as energetically for this poor widow as for the wealthiest.

Mrs. Penrose, if the sufferer had been one of her intimate friends, or even a rich neighbor, would, perhaps, have gone to her assistance; but the indigent woman, in a back alley, could not enlist her sluggish heart.

When Mrs. Huntley heard of the accident, which was not until the next day, she heard also of the different conduct of the two sisters-in-law.

"Now, Emma," she said, "you see how wrong we should have been, if we had judged our new neighbors from their appearance."

"Ah! mamma, you are always right, and I am always wrong," said the daughter. "But who would have thought that Mrs. Stewart's awkward

manner could be united with so much benevolence of heart?"

"When you become older, my love," replied the mother, "you will learn that it is often those who have the kindest feelings, that possess the rudest exteriors. Such persons are so engrossed with the useful in life, that they fall into the error of neglecting the mere ornamental. Mrs. Stewart, I suspect, is one of this kind."

"But Mrs. Penrose. How can such a polite and elegant woman be so heartless? I almost detest her."

"Hush, my child. Let us hope that there has been some mistake here, and that, had she known all, she would have gone to relieve the sufferer too. You know we heard nothing of the accident till all was over."

"But Mrs. Penrose did. She was the very first to hear of it."

"Then, if we are certain on that point, silence is our best course. When you can't speak well of a person, Emma, say nothing. Remember, there may be always something behind, which you have not heard, and it is wisest and fairest in consequence to be charitable. In other words JUDGE NOT."

THE GAME OF LIFE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PRETTY Alice Carrington! how lovely she looked, as she sat and puzzled and pondered over the letter in her hand—alternately gazing out of the window, or beating time on the carpet with the tiniest of feet. A muslin morning dress of various light colors seemed just the thing to set off her pure skin of almost dazzling fairness; and it fitted admirably the faultless proportions of that sweet figure. Through the open window came the hum of youthful voices and peals of silvery laughter from the balcony below; for Ally Carrington sat in the large hotel of a gay watering-place, pondering over her dilemmas, and wondering if her puzzled ideas ever would arrange themselves in any definite form. Thus ran the letter:

"I have basked in the sunshine of your presence until, fairly dazzled by its rays, I could not lift my eyes to the happiness to which I have dared to aspire. When alone—free from that benumbing spell which seemed to chain my tongue, and paralyze every faculty—I have only remembered the sweet, angel-like nature that sympathizes ever with sorrow, and lost sight of that 'might and majesty of loveliness' that I have seen reprove, oh! so witheringly! the approaches of sin and guilt. Alice! 'twere folly to say that I love you: every glance has shown it—every word has breathed in broken numbers the one unending monotony, unceasing as the song of the ocean waves—every action has told the same old tale. Answer me, Alice, for I am weary with waiting—although willingly would I serve seven years for thee, my Rachel! and yet seven more. But let not these mild eyes gaze sternly back over the blotted record of the past—look to the future, Alice, and pardon, and *hope*."

Poor Ally! No wonder that she pondered; alone in the world, with no guardian or adviser but a married sister, she was seldom allowed to forget that she was the possessor, in her own right, of fifty thousand dollars—a sum magnified by rumor to at least three times the reality. Many had sought her for this golden charm, but Alice remained cold to their words of love; and suitors began to despair of ever sharing with her the wonderfully magnified fifty thousand.

People were somewhat afraid of her, too; notwithstanding that she had been brought up in the very atmosphere of fashion, by such a sister as the exclusive Mrs. Ravensham, Alice seemed

to walk among the gay triflers by whom she was surrounded with the cold purity of a vestal virgin—her snowy garments scarcely touching theirs as she passed. She was "the saint," and perhaps she rather liked to be thus looked up to and worshipped. In her the sweetest of natures was joined to firm religious principles; she had but little in common with the rest of the world—the gay world; and devoted to her poor, her church, and her prayer book, she seemed doomed, like many a lovely flower, to bloom her young life away unseen.

But lately there had been a change; the statue had smiled into life beneath the touch of that skilful sculptor, Love—and Alice came forth from her hermitage and mingled with the world. "Now," thought her sister, "she really will marry," and the match was all that could be desired. Handsome, intellectual and fascinating, Harvey Edwards seemed born to be a conqueror on any field that he chose to enter; and his known wealth and high position were with Mrs. Ravensham *sans reproche*.

Alas! for poor Alice; as people who have sharper eyes or finer smelling organs than their neighbors, are very apt to see and smell disagreeable things, so our young vestal began to make the discovery that her hero was not altogether a saint. Kind friends were particularly vigilant in opening her eyes to this unwelcome fact; and could she have believed all their statements, poor Harvey would have stood before her a monster of iniquity. They literally tore his character to threds; and when nothing more remained to be done, they employed themselves in tearing these threds into others still smaller.

No words of love had passed between them as yet; such a thing seemed almost as preposterous as it would seem to us Americans to be told that we were free. So that when Alice gave him cold words and colder looks, Harvey thought himself, at first, very ill-used; but after a while he grew more accustomed to it, and began to think it the natural consequence of her saintship. How could she, from the height of her immaculate goodness, look upon a poor sinner like himself with any thing but contempt? If a stray ray of sunshine, in the shape of a smile, now and then played around him, he modestly thought it quite as much as he deserved, and humbly adored at the shrine of his patron deity.

With very little persuasion Alice had accompanied her to a gay watering-place, very much to her sister's surprise; and thither Harvey Edwards soon followed them. His feelings, however, could not always be restrained within just such a measure; and they had now boiled over into the letter that has so puzzled Alice. She sat there for a long time, finally, however, the little head gave an ominous shake, and she took out a gold pen and a dainty sheet of paper, and wrote a refusal as mildly as possible.

"I dare not marry you," she said, "I have not sufficient reliance on my own goodness to do it; and I can only pray that when you *do* marry, it will be one who, with greater strength of character, will love you as fondly as I do."

"Just as she had finished Mrs. Ravensham entered, leading a pretty child.

"I have brought Willie to see you," said she, as she glanced at her sister's burning cheek, "but I am afraid that we are both somewhat *de trop*."

"Oh, no," said Alice, faintly, "come in."

Mrs. Ravensham saw in a moment how matters stood.

"Now, Alice," said she, "there is no use in denying that you have had a proposal from Harvey Edwards—I only hope that you have not been foolish enough to refuse him?"

The silence that followed was answer enough.

"I do think," continued her sister, "that you are the most provoking girl! Here was family, fortune, intellect, appearance, everything! What more could you possibly want?"

"Goodness," said Alice, in a low tone.

"A saint, you mean," replied her sister, "and, let me tell you, *that* you will never find."

There was a silence for sometime, and then Mrs. Ravensham continued,

"I don't believe, Alice, that you ever will marry—you are entirely too fastidious."

"I hope," said Alice, smiling, "that you are not anxious to get rid of me."

To conceal her embarrassment she began to fondle Willie; but that unappreciating baby set up such a cry of distress that his mamma immediately bore him off to her own apartments.

Alice could plainly see that her sister was both disappointed and hurt; and very much disposed to consider herself miserable, she sat with her head bowed on her hands until tears slowly trickled through the slender fingers.

Miss Edwards, on entering her brother's room somewhat suddenly, found him in rather a deplorable condition. He was leaning on the table in a state of silent misery; and in the open letter beside him his sister recognized Alice's handwriting.

"Has that little witch then refused you?" she asked.

"Do not speak so, Kate," replied her brother, "I don't wonder at it, I'm sure."

"But I wonder at it," returned his sister, "I have no patience with people who set themselves up for saints, and frown at all who do not reach their standard of goodness! And for a Miss Alice Carrington to refuse Harvey Edwards is, let me tell you, a very impudent thing."

"I am afraid, my dear sister," said her brother, with a sad kind of a smile, "that you will find a great many Peter Bells in the world who will see nothing more in me than a plain yellow primrose, in spite of your own flattering opinions."

"But what is the cause of her refusal?" continued his sister, "was there anything that she could possibly want which you have not?"

Her brother smiled as he told her to read the letter.

"*Dare not marry you!*" So then she considers you a sort of monster who wants taming, and she has not courage enough for the undertaking!"

"*Don't fly in a passion, Kate,*" said Harvey, for his sister's eyes were flashing ominously, "Alice has probably heard of my former follies, and she is so pure and perfect that I can well imagine the horror with which she must regard one like me."

"But you have not touched a card in how long?" said his sister, "and you frequent no more clubs, and spend nearly every evening at home."

"*Harvey,*" said Miss Edwards, after a short pause, "this girl really loves you, and if you are so foolish as to care anything about her you shall have her yet!"

"My dear Kate," said her brother, with an incredulous smile, "has Aladdin's old lamp been discovered among the kitchen rubbish? Or has the benevolent fairy taken another lease of life, and come to offer you three wishes? Don't you remember that, when we were both children, I wanted Mrs. Arming's India shawl for an awning to my boat, and you, perfectly unabashed, stepped up to that lady and requested the loan of it? Depend upon it, you will find this a much more difficult undertaking."

"Leave it all to me," said Kate; and with a knowing toss of the head, she went in search of Mrs. Ravensham.

Now there is so much in that peculiar way of saying "leave it all to me," that it inspires hope even when hope is gone. Harvey Edwards knew his sister's disposition of old, and he felt certain that she would do *something*.

Mrs. Ravensham was soon found; and being quite of the young lady's manner of thinking, the two soon came to an understanding. Here were a couple really attached to each other, and

actually rendered unhappy by Alice's absurd notions. It was concluded that an attempt to touch her feelings might possibly succeed; and under the auspices of Miss Edwards it was soon noised about in the house that some particularly magnificient tableaux were in preparation for the evening.

Then began a scene of preparation forthwith. Queens and princesses that were to be rushed through the house in a state of excitement, collecting all the jewelry that they could lay hands on for the royal crowns—flowers were in demand—and white dresses rose fifty per cent. But these festivities were confined entirely to the young people; and spinsters and dowagers resolved to criticise most unmercifully.

Alice was walking demurely through one of the shaded paths from the springs, her sun hat hanging to her arm by its blue ribbon strings, and her eyes bent pensively upon the ground, when a whole bevy of eager performers intercepted her walk.

"Oh, Alice!" exclaimed one of them, "you really must be an angel—there is not another in the house!"

"Be an angel?" repeated Alice, considerably perplexed.

"Yes," pursued her companion, "you are just the very one. We are to have some tableaux this evening, and the whole community have elected you for the character of an angel."

"I believe that you must excuse me," replied Alice, somewhat coldly, "I have no desire to mingle in these gayeties."

"Of course not," said one of the younger ones, in a disappointed tone, "Alice is always so proud that she spoils all our pleasure."

"Remember, Alice, that the heiress of fifty thousand dollars cannot always do as she pleases," whispered her sister in passing.

Alice reflected a moment, and then consented to do what was required of her.

"It is not much," said the one who had first spoken, "we will dress you, and all that you have to do is to stand where we place you, and look as we tell you."

"In other words, be a good child and do as I'm bid," said she, with a smile; but her mind was occupied with other things, and retiring to her own room, she gave scarcely a thought to the evening.

Eight o'clock was the time announced for the commencement of the wonders; and at that hour the drawing-room was crowded with eager expectants on tip-toe, who watched the curtain and declared that the time had long ago expired.

At length the thick screen, which every one recognized as a mammoth table-cover from the dining room, was drawn aside, and displayed the

beautiful scene from Marmion where Constance de Beverly is brought back to the convent to hear her doom. Over the curtain was written:

"—While on her doublet breast
She sought to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest."

The shrinking figure of Constance, as the monk lifts the page's cap from her head, and the rich earls fall over her shoulders, was so beautifully represented that peal after peal of applause resounded through the room, and visibly discomposed the performer—one of the youngest and prettiest debutantes in the house. The curtain went down, and the blaze of light was hid from view.

Next appeared a scene from Pickwick, which threw every one into convulsions of laughter; and then there seemed an almost endless pause.

When the curtain was again drawn aside every one was at first mute; and then followed whispers as to what it meant. "The Game of Life" was written over the curtain; and in the blaze of light they distinguished a small table, on one side of which sat an individual whose identity was at once recognized, but whose name is not usually mentioned to ears polite. Being represented by one of the greatest scamps in the house, the character was considered particularly appropriate. Opposite to him was seated Harvey Edwards, with care-worn face and anxious looks, about to commence the game of life.

Near by, surrounded by a perfect radiance from innumerable candles, stood "the good angel," with sweet, imploring face, and arms that seemed wooing him from that dark influence. No one had known that Alice Carrington was half so beautiful. A robe of gossamer white floated around her slight figure, and her lovely, light brown hair was falling down through the thin veil that seemed to envelope her like a mist. A pair of silver wings were fastened on either shoulder, and as those sweet eyes beamed tenderly upon the young gambler, she looked like some delicate creation of a poet's dream. Harvey Edwards was gazing intently upon her—apparently under the influence of that gentle spell; and the good angel seemed about to triumph.

The audience were in raptures; the performers neither moved nor breathed; and Alice Carrington's admirers felt their enthusiasm rekindled without once thinking of her fifty thousand dollars.

"I want you to take a part, to-night, Harvey," said Miss Edwards, to her brother.

"What part? that of the discarded suitor?" he asked, somewhat bitterly, "I have no heart for these things now, Kate—were Alice to sit there might be some inducement."

"She *will* act," replied his sister, "and it is for that very reason that I wish you to join us."

In spite of his former assertion, Harvey now began to show signs of retreating, but his sister was firm; and it was entirely through her agency that the audience had the pleasure of seeing him about to play at stakes with the Evil One.

Alice was entirely dressed, silver wings and all, before she knew that she was to play the part of good angel to Harvey Edwards; but it was now too late to retreat, and as they had anticipated, the peculiar circumstances of the case brought an expression of softness and tenderness to her lovely face that was almost angelic. Harvey Edwards could have sat gazing upon her forever; but the scene had already been unusually long, and the curtain was now drawn over the performers.

A genuine outbreak of enthusiasm almost prevented them from seeing that the enchanted corner was again a blaze of light, and again the angel stood before them. But her beautiful head was drooped—her arms hanging beside her in a state of utter abandonment—and the silver of her wings seemed tarnished. The gambler no longer gazed toward her, but with eyes fixed upon the fatal cards, sat playing a desperate game with the prince of darkness—the stake his own soul. The expression of despairing sorrow on the sweet face of his good angel was unheeded; he played on, forgetful of her presence.

The last scene represented the good angel, with outstretched wings, just soaring away from the scene of despair; and in the last look upon the object of her care beamed forth a love and sorrow too great for mere stage acting.

Alice had been very much excited. It was the truthfulness of the positions they had assumed that brought forth all the finer points of her nature, and threw into the representation that life-like beauty which gave so much force to the coloring. She felt a tenderness toward Harvey Edwards that almost startled her; and frightened at the revealings of her own heart, she sought to quiet its tumultuous beatings in solitude.

Other tableaux followed; but none bore the

palm from "The Game of Life," and numerous were the inquiries for the missing angel, but she was not to be found.

In a far-off corner of the grounds, nearly concealed by the thick trees, among which her white dress gleamed like a web of light, sat Alice Carrington—her hand tightly clasp'd by one who had been bold enough to intrude himself upon her solitude. Yes, Harvey Edwards saw the advantage that he had gained, and determined to follow it up. Tenderly and respectfully he pleaded his cause, and the soft eyes of "the good angel" were not averted.

"Be my good angel through life, dear Alice!" he urged, "you alone can keep me from the temptings of my own heart—you alone are perfect."

"But you forget," said Alice, archly, "that the good angel has just failed—if I could not keep you from selling yourself to the Evil One, what success can I expect in less important things?"

"Ah, but that was only a story," he pleaded, "had it been reality, you know that I would have gone with you, dear Alice."

Alice shook her head doubtfully, but she did not withdraw her hand; and encouraged by this condescension, Harvey actually dared to kiss it. Even this caused no very violent explosion; and surprised and delighted to find his angel growing quite earthly, he declared his resolution of remaining upon his knees until she promised to take him under her surveillance for life. What could Alice do? She had refused him only that very morning, but there really seemed to be a fate in it; and so—she scarcely knew what she said, but the next moment the gentleman had left his knees, and seated himself beside her.

Mrs. Ravensham laughed at her—Kate Edwards laughed at her—and Alice drooped and blushed under their mischievous looks; but then Harvey would approach, and she forgot all about them.

People said that it was a good lesson for Harvey—showing him what would be the end of his career; however that might be, he was certainly an altered man, and Alice never had reason to regret "The Game of Life."

THE SLIP-SHOD WIFE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

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THE SLIP-SHOD WIFE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

ONE evening, the fastidious Harry Wentworth, on coming home tired and depressed, found his wife in the tea-room, dressed in a soiled morning gown, and wearing a pair of slippers down at the heel. To increase his vexation, she was sitting in a rocking-chair, with one limb crossed over the other, reading a trashy novel.

"Why, Fanny," he exclaimed, in amazement, for they had been married only a few months, and hitherto he had thought her the pink of neatness.

"Well, what is it?" she answered, looking up. Then noticing the direction of his eyes, she assumed a more becoming position, and continued. "You don't like my dress, perhaps: but really I was too tired to change it."

"What have you been doing all day?"

"Oh! reading this." She colored as she held up the book, and added, "and then it has been so warm."

Now her husband had been hard at work, all through the sultry August day, and had, as was usual with him when hurried, dined down town. Yet his attire was neat, and even his hair newly brushed; for he had gone to his chamber to do this before coming to the tea-room. It may be supposed, therefore, that he was annoyed at the slovenliness of his wife, the more so, as, on looking at the novel, he found it quite a worthless affair. He said nothing, however, except,

"At least change your slippers, my dear. You don't know how I dislike to see a lady slip-shod."

"Do you! How odd," said his wife, with a silly laugh, stooping to pull up the heels of her shoes. "There, that will do, I guess. I really can't walk so far as the chamber, this hot afternoon. I wish you would ring the bell for tea, its just by you, and I want to finish this chapter."

Her husband sighed, but did as he was bid. The tea came up, and he took his seat, but the chapter was not yet concluded, and so he was compelled to wait. When, at last, Mrs. Wentworth came to the table, the tea was cold. The meal, under those circumstances, was a dull one, and the husband, after it was over, finding his wife absorbed in her book, lay down on the sofa and finally went to sleep.

Mrs. Wentworth had been the belle of the village before her marriage. Her sprightliness and beauty had been the theme of constant admiration. But these qualities would have

failed to have won Harry Wentworth's heart, if they had not been sustained by a most exquisite taste in dress. See Fanny when you would, she was always carefully attired. And as Wentworth was particularly fastidious on this point, he thought himself the happiest of men when Fanny, one bright summer evening, promised to be his.

But unfortunately the bride had no real habits of neatness, but only a love of admiration. It was vanity that bad induced her, while single, to be careful of her dress; but now that she was married, she gradually gave way to her natural indolence. The first occasion on which she did this to any very glaring extent, was the evening on which our story opens; but it was soon followed up by other exhibitions of slovenliness.

"I do wish, Fanny, that you would dress more neatly," said Mr. Wentworth, in a vexed voice, some months later still. "Night after night I come home and find you in that atrocious wrapper."

"You used to think me pretty enough in any dress," said Mrs. Wentworth, testily.

"But I never saw you in one like that."

"To be sure not." And she laughed ironically. "I always dressed for company, and I do now."

What could Mr. Wentworth say? If his wife did not think it so necessary to be neat in his presence, did not consider him as worthy of pleasing as the comparative strangers whom she called company, it was useless to argue with her. So, after tea, the slip-shod heels still annoying him, with a perceptible hole in the stocking to increase that annoyance, he moodily took his hat and left the house.

At first he walked up and down the street, but, at last, fatigued with this, stepped into a fashionable reading-room and drinking-saloon. Here he met several acquaintances, and gradually falling into conversation, the evening passed rapidly away.

When he went home Mrs. Wentworth, looking very sleepy, and a little out of humor, accosted him with,

"Where in the world have you been? I finished my novel an hour ago, and have had nobody to talk to ever since. I am moped to death. There was a time," she added, poutingly, "when nothing in the world could have induced you to spend an evening away from me."

Her husband was on the point of replying, in a similar upbraiding style, but he recollect ed that he had expostulated too often and too vainly, and so he said nothing.

It was a week before Wentworth spent another evening out. He tried sincerely to stay at home, but his annoyance at his wife's slovenliness was too great, and, at last, he left her again to her novel and her slip-shod heels.

Mr. Wentworth has now become a confirmed visitor of the reading-room, in connection with which a sort of club has been established, the members of which are chiefly married men: and if the full truth was known, it would appear, we believe, that most, if not all, have wives resembling Mrs. Wentworth. Sometimes there is an undue quantity of brandy drunk at these meetings, so that some members, and Mr. Wentworth among them, have been understood to have gone home inebriated.

It was on one of these occasions that an inti-

mate friend ventured to expostulate with Mr. Wentworth on his habits.

"It is easy for you to talk," was the bitter reply, "about the felicity of a man's fireside. Your home, I have no question, is a refuge for you, when you seek it, tired and dispirited, at night; for you have a wife, neatly dressed to receive you, a cleanly apartment to sit in, and cheerful conversation. But when I go home, it is to find my wife slip-shod, the room unswept, and the children dirty. Were I to stay at home, what comfort could I find? No, the club-room is far pleasanter, and there I will go. If Mrs. Wentworth don't like it, she has no one to blame but herself."

Mrs. Wentworth does not like it, but complains loudly, at what she calls her husband's cruel neglect.

We leave it to the reader, who has heard both sides of the story, to pronounce who is most to blame.

THE ORPHAN'S GRATITUDE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE STARK.

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THE ORPHAN'S GRATITUDE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE STARK.

It was on a dark and stormy evening, in February, that Dr. Mordaunt was disturbed from a short nap after the fatigues of the day, by a sharp ring at the bell.

"I do hope, my dear, that is not a call for you," said his wife, who was sewing near him.

"After having been out all last night, and the greater part of this tempestuous day, you ought to take some rest."

"That depends, however, upon the urgency of the call, Ellen. When you consented, my dear wife, to marry a physician—"

The doctor was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant.

"A woman is in your study, doctor, and wants to see you."

Dr. Mordaunt left the room, and entering his office was somewhat surprised to see a respectable Irish woman, whose husband he had attended the preceding winter in his last illness.

"Why, Biddy, what on earth brings you out this terrible night?"

"Ah! doctor, well may you ask the question, sure its no slight matter would make me trouble you the night. But you see, I was doing a day's washing for Mrs. Barnard, as keeps the boarding-house in —— street, yesterday; ah, sure, she's the hard-hearted woman. Well, sir," she said, remarking the impatience expressed in the doctor's countenance, "a poor dying cratur of a woman, with a sweet, darling child of about three years of age, was fetched to her door from one of the foreign vessels. She is an honest cratur whoever she is, for she made Mrs. Barnard understand, in her lingo, that she had but little money and no friends, but want to take a cheap room for a short time. The mistress answered her as short as might be, saying, 'she did not keep house for vagabond foreigners,' and bid her be off wid herself. I was jist going home, sir, and the thoughts of the poor, lone cratur's being turned into the street at that hour of the night was jist too much for meself, so I told the coachman to drive to my place. Sure am I she is a lady; and her sweet, darling child, it would melt the heart of a stone to see her waiting and watching by the sick mother. The mother is very bad the night, so I left a neighbor wid her till I could see you, sir, about her."

"Well, Biddy," said the doctor, "I cannot but admire your humanity in taking in the poor woman—I will come and see her at once."

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"God bless you, sir—I'll away home as speedy as possible—my mind misgives me the poor cratur will not last long."

The physician returned to his wife, who, on hearing that it was a call of charity, no longer opposed his going out.

On a low bed, in a small but clean room, lay the poor foreigner. She was apparently in the last stages of consumption. Her glassy black eyes rested despairingly on her child, who lay in its sleep the image of childish loveliness. One little arm was thrown around her mother's neck, the other pillow'd her head, and as the physician gazed on the high brow, glossy curls and delicate features of the infant, he murmured,

"She has been nurtured in a far different scene from this—I wonder who they can be!"

His skill soon ascertained that the mother could not be saved, and she was so utterly prostrated as to be unable to make any communication as to her family or friends. The doctor prescribed a cooling drink and returned home.

The next day the worthy physician, now accompanied by his wife, who had been much interested by his account of the family, called again. The mother was dying, and strove in vain to make herself understood by the sympathizing couple. She took the hand of her child and placed it in that of the lady. The mute appeal was understood, and drawing the child to her bosom and kindly caressing it, the lady answered the appeal thus affectionately made. The mother's eye brightened for an instant, but a sudden spasm convulsed her features, and in a few moments she breathed her last.

The child, breaking from Mrs. Mordaunt's embrace, threw herself upon her mother's body, "mamman, chere mamman," she said, pressing her lips to the cold mouth of the corpse. The sudden chill terrified her, and uttering a loud cry, she buried her head in the pillow.

Tears streamed down Mrs. Mordaunt's face, as raising the sobbing child from the pillow, she strove by her caresses to soothe her. Gradually the little one ceased her sobs, and addressed Mrs. Mordaunt in a sweet, childish voice. Neither Mrs. Mordaunt nor her husband understood French, but they endeavored to comfort and reassure the little girl.

A hasty consultation now took place between the worthy couple.

"I fear, my dear Ellen, you are undertaking a

serious charge, in thus assuming the care of this little foreigner. Your health is delicate, and our little Henry requires all your care."

"My dear William, what I could I do? The mother's appeal was not to be resisted. I thought of my own boy, and—"

"Well, well," said the doctor, "something may yet turn up that will not render it necessary. We may find something that can give us a clue to her birth. Both the mother and child bear the stamp of gentle blood."

But on examination of the trunk of the deceased no papers were found. The few articles of clothing were of fine and delicate texture, and a small box containing a bracelet was found among them. On examining it carefully, the doctor discovered a spring under the clasp, and on pressing it a miniature of a young and handsome man in regimentals was discovered. The dress was that of a French officer: but no name or initials were engraved on it. On showing it to the child, she exclaimed, "*mon papa, mon papa,*" and covered it with her kisses.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt now took the little girl to their own home. The child was at first frantic at being taken from her mother, but when introduced to Mrs. Mordaunt's nursery, she was soon soothed and pacified in the society of little Henry.

A week passed by. The little girl had made them understand that her name was Rosalie, but did not seem to know her surname.

The story soon spread among the doctor's acquaintance, and various surmises and much wonder was expressed "that a man who was far from being rich, and who had already a child to provide for, should be so imprudent as to burthen himself with a foreigner."

Among others a French lady of the name of De Courcy heard the tale. She had been married many years, but was childless, and on hearing of the French orphan, she resolved at once to visit it.

The child was delighted at hearing again her native language, but beyond expressions of love for her mother and wishes for her return, she could give no account of her origin or friends. Her beauty, grace, and winning manners greatly interested Mrs. De Courcy. She returned home, and soon persuaded her husband to allow her to take the child.

Mr. De Courcy was an intelligent, good tempered man, very fond of his pretty wife, but so much engrossed by his mercantile avocations as to have but little leisure to bestow upon her. He consented to her adopting the child, thinking that the education of the little one would serve to dissipate many hours of *ennui* of which his wife complained. The great responsibility of

undertaking this charge he never bestowed a thought upon.

The little girl was brought to her new home, and various costly toys and trinkets presented her, to win her love and reconcile her to being separated from her little playmate. Of a sweet, affectionate disposition, the little creature soon attached herself to her protectors. At first Mr. De Courcy had advertisements inserted in different foreign papers, describing the child and the miniature in her possession. But as months rolled away, and no claimant made their appearance, he at length resolved upon adopting her. Her winning, artless manners and affectionate disposition, joined to a most intelligent, fearless cast of mind, had not only won his love, but in a measure his respect. He was himself a strictly upright man in all his dealings, and on discovering in the child the germ of a noble, truthful disposition, that no fear of punishment or love of reward could swerve, he felt a deeper interest in her than mere personal grace or beauty could have inspired.

Years passed by, and the child had grown from a lovely infant into an intelligent, beautiful girl. She had been placed at one of the best schools, and every advantage that wealth or affection could bestow lavished upon her. Mrs. De Courcy loved her for her sweet disposition, her grace and beauty, and her pride was gratified by the admiration she excited. Then, too, her own vanity was soothed by the praise bestowed upon her exceeding kindness and generosity in having thus adopted one who had no claim upon her. But she did not appreciate the powerful mind that was gradually developing itself. Not so her husband. Every new trait of character in this gifted being was marked and appreciated; and when the lovely girl, her eyes sparkling with exultation, presented him the highest prize awarded by her school, we doubt whether any successful mercantile enterprize ever gave him half the real pleasure that he experienced at that moment.

Although much attached to his wife, he could not but feel that she was much his inferior in mind and ability. But Rosalie's talents were of a high order, and to his own surprise he found in her conversation a resource that he had not supposed it possible a woman could afford.

The happy days of her girlhood glided past, and the eighteenth anniversary of Rosalie's adoption by Mr. De Courcy was celebrated by a ball. Many were the lovely forms that graced that entertainment: but Rosalie's brilliant beauty bore the palm. She was encircled by a crowd of young men, all vying for a word or glance from the young heiress. An old gentleman stood conversing with a young man in one corner of the room.

"Mordaunt," he asked, "why are not you one of yonder group?"

"None can admire Miss De Courcy more than I do, sir, but I cannot compete with the gay flatterers around her. And then a poor physician would have little chance of winning the smiles of one, whose attractions might prove fatal to his own peace of mind."

The old gentleman gazed earnestly at his young friend, and saw that painful emotion was concealed under the appearance of indifference.

"Miss De Courcy's early obligations to your family," he said, "ought to ensure you a cordial reception. She has a most amiable as well as beautiful countenance; and I shall be sadly disappointed in her if the chance that has thrown fortune at her feet, should render her ungrateful to those who were the means of having her rescued from the most abject poverty."

"Do not attribute such unworthy feelings to Miss De Courcy," eagerly exclaimed the young man. "She has ever maintained the most friendly and cordial intercourse with my family. Since my father's death, my poor mother, ever delicate, has become a confirmed invalid, and the most devoted daughter could not have shown herself more attentive than has Rosalie De Courcy. I deeply regret, sir, that my manner should have given you a different impression. But the truth is," he said, with a forced smile, "that my pride is such that I could not bear to be thought a fortune hunter. I have my own way to make in the world, and hope to win a position by my efforts."

"I admire your spirit, my dear fellow," said his friend, "and hope to live long enough to see you one amongst our eminent physicians."

The young man smiled, and was about to reply, when his attention was claimed by a gay young friend, who insisted upon introducing him to his sister.

Rosalie, although by no means displeased with the admiration so freely offered her, was not spoiled by it. Her heart was as affectionate, her intellect and self-knowledge as strong as ever: and never did she turn away from the tale of sorrow or distress. She had conversed much with Mrs. Mordaunt about her unhappy mother; and never did she pass the sad, pale face of a poor beggar, or see the imploring looks of her young offspring, without recollecting that from such a fate she had been rescued; and her heart and purse were alike open to the call of humanity.

In many of her visits to the poor and suffering sick, she encountered Henry Mordaunt. In her plans for their relief she was aided by his judgment and advice; and no fulsome compliment or flattering speech from her gay admirers, ever gave her half the happiness afforded by his cordial

approval of her charity. But it was only by the bed-side of the suffering that he seemed to meet her with feelings of pleasure. In the gay ballroom, or still more dangerous atmosphere of his mother's house, Henry's manner was cold and reserved; and Rosalie, deeply hurt by his apparent indifference, endeavored to stifle the feelings of interest with which he inspired her.

Many were the splendid proposals of marriage that she received, but she gave a cold denial to all; and when Mr. De Courcy pressed her for a reason, she answered him by an affectionate caress, and declaring "that as he made her home so happy, why should she wish to leave him."

But a change came over the fair fortunes that had so long blessed her. Mr. De Courcy was deeply involved by the failure of a commercial house. He endeavored in vain to retrieve himself. He grew desperate, and losing his wont judgment, he embarked his all in one speculation. The speculation failed, and he was a ruined man. He returned home late at night stunned by his misfortune. A heavy weight seemed pressing on his brain; and when Rosalie rushed into the parlor, where she was summoned by a terrified domestic, she found him senseless on a sofa. Medical advice was at once summoned; but all in vain. He lingered for a few hours, and then expired. Mrs. De Courcy sunk beneath so terrible and unexpected a blow. For weeks was she stretched on a bed of sickness, and it was owing to Rosalie's devoted care that she ever left it again.

Now it was that the true beauty of Rosalie's character displayed itself. She very soon learned the utter ruin of their fortune; and rousing herself with an effort from the anguish caused by the loss of her dear father, she exerted her energy in the support of his afflicted widow.

Now it was that she felt the value of Henry Mordaunt. No longer cold and indifferent, he was ever at her side. He encouraged and sustained her, and when moments of uncontrollable agitation would come, he soothed her by his heartfelt sympathy. He would have persuaded Mrs. De Courcy and herself to come at once to his mother's house. But Rosalie had already formed her plans. She removed into a small house, and arranged it as comfortably as possible, and then proceeded to put her project into execution. She went to her friends and announced her intention of opening a school. She met with much sympathy; and on her return home one day, announced to the astonished Mrs. De Courcy that she had secured twenty scholars.

Rosalie opened her school, and it required all the energy of her character to sustain her under her trials. Mrs. De Courcy's weak mind had

been soured by her misfortunes, and poor Rosalie, fagged by her day's labors, was met when evening came by the peevish complaints or unavailing repinings of her companion. Mrs. Mordaunt was her best friend; and Henry had poured forth the passionate love no longer concealed by his pride.

Rosalie, touched by his devotion, pledged him her faith. But theirs must necessarily prove a long engagement, as Henry had still to secure a permanent support by his profession.

One afternoon, as Rosalie was resting from her labors, Henry walked in. His countenance was much agitated, and it was some moments before he could command himself.

"Rosalie," he said, "I have this afternoon received an offer which I hardly know whether to accept or reject. My friend, William Metcalf, has just returned from the West. He has purchased a large farm in the vicinity of a thriving town. His father owns nearly half the township, and they both declare that it is the very place for a young physician to establish himself. The prospect is flattering; but I cannot ask you, dearest Rosalie, to be mine upon the mere chance of success. And how can I leave you—you who have so much to sustain?"

"Go at once, my dear Henry," was Rosalie's prompt reply, "and do not let me have the additional burthen of feeling that I have marred your success in life. With God's blessing on our mutual exertions we will meet again, and believe me, our future life will be all the happier for having struggled through the clouds that now surround us."

Henry looked at her a moment in silence. "You are a noble creature, Rosalie, your courage is greater than mine. But I will take your advice, and trust to the future for my reward."

They parted. But Rosalie's heart sunk within her. She had been accustomed to look forward to his evening visits as her only source of happiness, and no wonder that her courage failed for a time when deprived of this happiness. But she felt that these feelings must not be indulged in. Her school was increasing in numbers, and she devoted herself to her scholars.

Much wonder was expressed by the gay world, at the firmness of character that the trials of life developed in a creature so delicately nurtured as Rosalie had been. Many were the daily mortifications she encountered. Capricious parents, requiring impossibilities to be effected for their children; and in others the pure proud arrogance that although lavish in display, deemed it not beneath them to try and beat down poor Rosalie's terms. Our heroine met the absurd requisitions of the capricious with a sweetness of temper that disarmed them, and the arrogance of wealth quailed before the dignity of her manner.

Five years of toil passed by. The school was now so large as to require a more spacious house. Mrs. De Courcy once more rejoiced in large rooms, and the luxury of a warm bath, which she had daily pined for, was again at her command. She could not but be sensible that it was entirely owing to Rosalie's exertions that she again enjoyed these comforts. Her health was very delicate, and she had not strength of mind sufficient to sustain the sacrifices that her loss of fortune had brought upon her. Her selfishness increased with her bodily weakness, and she had no compassion for anything but her own suffering.

But Rosalie's good-temper never failed. She devoted all her leisure hours to the invalid, and would listen to no remonstrance from her friends on the subject.

"Do I not owe her all and more than a child's affection?" was her indignant answer to one who ventured to hint at the utter selfishness Mrs. De Courcy displayed. "She gave me a mother's care and affection, and I would lay down my life in her service."

Her school flourished, and the best governesses and masters were now employed. Still her general superintendance was required, and her pale, grave, though still lovely face was ever welcome to her scholars.

Letters were frequently received from Henry. But they were not always cheerful. The first two years were spent in fruitless endeavors. But fortune ever smiles on those who are not daunted by trials; and "after the night the morning cometh." Mordaunt's skill gradually became known, and his spirits rose with the first gleam of sunshine. He went on steadily in his career, and patient after patient were added to his list. The town had now become a most flourishing one. It was situated on a navigable river, and not only the comforts, but many of the luxuries of the eastern cities were transported thither. The enterprize of its inhabitants showed itself in the steamboats that were seen passing to and from the busy wharf; and smiling faces, and open, happy countenances were proofs that prosperity was with them.

Two travellers were passing down the main street, accompanied by one of the inhabitants of the town.

"Whose house is that?" said one of them, pointing to a neat mansion of grey stone, around whose piazza flowering vines had been trained. "It is really the prettiest place your town can boast of."

"That is the residence of Dr. Mordaunt, a gentleman who formerly lived in your city. He has now gone East, and it is said intends bringing a bride back with him."

"I knew his father, but had lost sight of the son. Does he stand well here? His father was a most excellent man."

"He is the best physician we have in the place, and is very popular. There was some talk of sending him to Congress, but the doctor had sense enough to decline. He will make a fortune in time."

Henry had indeed left his Western home to claim Rosalie as his bride. He arrived in the city, and hastened to her residence. She was in great affliction. The grave had closed over Mrs. De Courcy, and Rosalie mourned for her with the truest affection.

Some months after Henry's return he stood before the altar, with Rosalie at his side. The solemn words were uttered, and they received the congratulations of the friends who had accompanied them to the church. They left at once for their Western home, accompanied by Mrs. Mordaunt. How happy that home was it is needless to say.

Two monuments bearing the names of Mr. and Mrs. De Courcy, attract the admiration of visitors to —— Cemetery; and the tale of the orphan's gratitude is often repeated to strangers by those who knew and valued her.

ALICE VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176.

ANOTHER year had passed over the Randolphs. How they had managed to live through it, sometimes amazed themselves on a retrospect.

Nothing, indeed, but the management of Alice had kept them from starving. She had sold her few jewels, one after another, and had economized the proceeds as if her heart's blood. Her husband had occasionally earned something, and once had succeeded in selling a picture.

Throughout those protracted months Alice, however, was the chief support of the family. Not directly perhaps, but indirectly, for her husband's earnings were still the greatest. But it was her cheerful spirit, which, by sustaining his drooping ones, led to his incessant efforts. He had now resumed the pencil, and was continually painting; "I may strike off something," he said, "which may find a purchaser, and will try at least. Yes! try while life lasts."

This cheerfulness of Alice did not come alone from a naturally happy disposition. It was more the fruit of her trust in God. Whenever she felt despondent she had recourse to prayer. She remembered that ravens had fed Elijah. She recalled the text:—"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." And thus, fortified by the promises, and cheered by the presence of her Heavenly Father, she had a pleasant smile and an encouraging word even in the darkest hours of pecuniary distress.

There was a sad contrast between her and her husband in this respect. With all his noble and generous qualities Randolph had not "the one thing needful." Intellectually he admitted the truths of revelation. But still he was not a Christian. He trusted in himself, when he should have trusted in God; and hence, when beset by the Apollyon of poverty, his arm was weak, and his heart faint. Oh! there is nothing like faith in the hour of trouble. It is the chain, dropped down from heaven, to which we cling for safety, when otherwise the dark waters would go over us.

But Randolph's want of faith has been apparent from the first, or we have failed altogether to convey a true idea of him. It was the defect of his character.

"Oh! mamma," said Lily, one day, "let me hold brother a while. Do, dear mamma. I will take such care of him."

The little brother was not yet a year old. But Lily already was a most careful nurse. The greatest pleasure that could be bestowed on her was to be allowed to hold the infant.

"Well, if you will be very careful," said Alice, "you may hold him while I do a bit of ironing."

"Oh! thank you, dear mamma," joyfully cried Lily, clapping her hands with glee. "See, I am all ready."

She seated herself on the floor as she spoke, spread out her tiny lap, and with eager, expectant countenance waited till the babe was deposited in her arms. When she had received her brother, with what gravity she sang and talked to him, repeating her mother's pet phrases, till Alice, glancing aside occasionally to look at them, could not repress a smile.

"Now you mustn't do that, baby," said Lily, sagely, as the infant tried to pull at her dress. "Hush, hush, little dear," she continued, as the child, crossed in this purpose, began to fret. "You're not to cry, for that's naughty. Now be a good baby, and I'll sing you a pretty story."

With the words she began to sing a nursery rhyme, which she had caught by listening to her mother; and again Alice turned aside, and held her flat-iron poised for a moment, smiling happily. Ah! even in the bitterest poverty, a mother can be made happy by sights like these. Yet you, reader, perhaps, may smile at the whole thing as childish. God grant the day may never come when your desolate heart, recalling such scenes in memory, will yearn to give all you are worth to have the innocent little Prattler back at your side!

Sometimes Lily and the infant would become quite boisterous together. But this was only when he lay in his mother's lap. When Lily held him herself, or even when she was deputed to amuse him as he sat tied in his chair, the responsibility of her office sobered her too much for this. But when, the day's work being over, or a pause happening in it, the infant lay awake, how Lily would play with him, holding some

bright object for him to catch, then laughingly snatching it away, now excitedly shaking and kissing him, and now running to hide herself from his sight behind mamma's back. How baby would crow at all this, evidently enjoying it quite as much as either Alice or Lily, if not more.

But often the noise would annoy Randolph. He would frequently return at night, worn down with care, and with his head aching as if it would part; and, at such times, the noisy merriment would seem almost as much as he could bear.

"Do be still," he said, pettishly, one night. "You want to kill me, don't you?"

With what a look of surprise Lily glanced up. Alice, too, gazed at her husband. But it was with tears shining through the mild reproof of her eyes. Randolph's heart smote him. Yet he could not bring himself, in his nervous, irritable mood, altogether to acknowledge this.

"You are so boisterous, Lily, sometimes," he said, with a sort of lame apology, his eyes falling beneath those of Alice, and turning to those of the child. "I can't bear it."

Poor Lily! Her long lashes were wetted on the instant. Her little heart felt almost breaking, and rose in her throat chokingly. For a moment she tried to conquer her emotion; but the effort was in vain; and rushing to her mother's side, she buried her face there, and burst into a passion of tears.

How Randolph's heart smote him, especially when Alice, with another glance of mild reproof, said, "oh! George, you shouldn't talk so, for she's such an affectionate little thing, and can't bear it:—what if she was to be taken from us!" How repentantly he took the dear child up, and soothed her with kind words and caresses. It was long before her sobs wholly ceased, however, though she tried hard to check them, when she saw that they pained her father. For Lily bore no anger, but kissed and caressed her parent, even while sobbing. Sweet angel! Verily of such are "the kingdom of heaven."

You see, reader, we extenuate nothing in describing Randolph. Yet, with all this, he was one of the noblest and best of men. But none are perfect, unless indeed through God's grace; and Randolph still walked, or tried to walk in the strength of his own nature.

At last winter came. For years there had not been one so severe. Even in November snow began to fall, and fell frequent and heavily until April. Who does not remember that terrible winter for the poor?

The Randolphs struggled bravely, but to no purpose, and had finally to begin disposing of their little stock of household furniture, piece by piece, in order to buy food and fuel. For the husband and father had not sold a picture for

months, and could get no other employment, though he tried daily. Every avenue to work was crowded, all through that pitiless season, by hundreds of hungry applicants, accustomed to manual labor, so that a person like Randolph had no chance whatever.

There were, it is true, benevolent institutions, which, if applied to, would have assisted the unfortunate family. But beggary is a resource the possibility of which men like Randolph never contemplate; for to them death appears more durable, nay! better. The honest poor seek alms but rarely, and even accept them with shame. But a proud man, who has been rich formerly, thinks the grave preferable to receiving pauper's aid: and pride is the last weed that the trials, or even sorrows of life eradicate from human nature.

"George, dear," said Alice, one day. "Will you take this cameo and sell it?"

"Not that," said her husband, quickly. "Any thing else, Alice." For he knew it was a gift from her father, a few days before she left her early home, and that she valued it, on that account, above everything but her wedding ring.

"No, take it," she said, with composure. "I can do without it better than the children can without the bed; and one or the other must go, you know, for there is nothing else."

Randolph looked gloomily around the room. But one solitary chair was left. Not only every thing in the shape of ornament had disappeared, but the bureau, wash-stand, and even crib were there no longer. There was not a yard of carpet either left upon the floor. The stove, though the day was intensely cold, had just enough fuel in it to preserve the family from actually freezing; while all the coal they had was in the scuttle, and there was not sufficient to replenish the fire.

Randolph beheld all this. He noticed also that Lily was blue with cold, though her mother had wrapped her in her own shawl. A wild temptation came over him, like that suggested to Job, "to curse God and die." But, at that moment, his eye met the mild look of resignation and trust in Alice's. He felt conscience-struck, and silently taking the ring, departed.

Many similar scenes occurred during that winter. Piece by piece they parted with almost everything, Alice's street dress, Lily's bonnet, finally even the bed on which they slept. Nothing was left but the hard, coarse, straw matrass, on which the other had lain. None of them had more than a single change of garment now. Often Lily lay abed, while her mother, the delicately nurtured heiress, washed, in those cold, winter days, the clothes the little one had taken off.

But all this was borne by Alice with comparative resignation, until Randolph's health began

to fail. Eager to earn something he went out daily, even in the stormiest weather, and this though he had only one pair of boots, and those summer ones, now cracked and leaky. His feet consequently were always wet. A succession of violent colds, caught one after another, was the result.

At last his illness became so serious that prudence would have dictated his remaining altogether in the house; and, for a time, Alice insisted on his doing so. But when she noticed his restless anxiety, the result of being thus kept in-doors, she insisted on it no longer. While out, his mind being occupied, was prevented from preying upon itself; but at home he had nothing to divert his thoughts, and the low, nervous fever, which had seized on him, became worse.

Now was made evident the difference between the eloquent man and the trusting woman. Had there been peril to face, Alice would probably have shrunk back, in true feminine terror, while Randolph would have sprung forward, like a second Richard, to meet it half way. But when patience, and hope, and faith were the virtues demanded, oh! how immeasurably the man of intellect fell behind his wife. Ah! the world is not always right in according superiority to what are called the more masculine qualities. The Saviour was "meek and lowly of heart," "long suffering," and went uncomplaining "like a lamb to the slaughter." Can we be nobler than to imitate him?

Ye mild daughters from womanhood, who guide others by the silken bands of love, and seek no part in the stormier paths of life, to you is it given to represent on earth, as nearly as mortals can, the gentle divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. Let your more ambitious sisters aspire to take lead in public councils, to mingle in the noisy strife of the streets, and gradually thus imbibe the selfishness, heartlessness, and other characteristics of man. But keep ye your hands unsoiled, and your hearts untainted, preserving, in your innocent homes, a type of heaven on earth. Be ye meek and lowly of heart, and when reviled revile not again; so shall ye imitate the most glorious image of humanity that ever lived, and so, believe us, shall ye obtain and keep more influence than if ye paid back neglect with neglect, or scorn for scorn. The province of the heart is that of your sex. Your sceptre is the affections. If death has ever entered your household, you know that it is love alone which survives the grave. Will ye, therefore, surrender this glorious heritage of woman, this better part of the divinity within us, for the coarser attributes of man? Will ye give up your holier mission for one more showy, but less heavenly! Lucifer fell through the intellect, but the world was redeemed by Love.

"Dearest," said Alice, one day, as Randolph, after being racked for nearly an hour with a terrible cough, prepared, on its temporary cessation, to go out, "do remain at home, to-day. You are not near so well as usual, and it is storming slightly."

But Randolph shook his head.

"No, love, I must go."

"Surely there is no such pressing necessity. Wait at least till toward noon, by which time it may clear up."

"But, indeed, I must, and now. I did not intend to tell you, Alice," he said, "till I was certain of success; but yesterday I heard of a place where I can probably get some writing to do. It is to copy papers for a great lawyer. An old college acquaintance, whom I had not seen for years, stopped me yesterday in the street, and as I saw he seemed surprised at my dress, I could not, when he asked how I was getting along, deny my destitution. So he thought a moment, and told me of this place. He is leaving town, to-day, for he does not reside here, but he promised to speak to his friend, last night. For me not to be punctual, therefore, would not do. It might create a prejudice against me at once."

Alice, after this explanation, made no further opposition; and accordingly Randolph set forth.

It took some time for him to reach the office of the great lawyer. The streets were slippery with a drizzling rain that froze as it fell, and he was weaker than he had supposed.

He entered modestly. The glowing fire in the grate diffused such genial warmth throughout the room, that new vigor entered into his chilled limbs, even before he had closed the door behind him.

The great lawyer looked up. But seeing only an emaciated, care worn man dressed in a thread-bare suit, and whose hat and garments were wet with rain, he supposed naturally that a beggar stood before him.

"There's nothing here for you," he said, gruffly, resuming his reading.

Randolph's first feeling was to leave the room. But he remembered the little ones at home, and conquering his pride, he said,

"I came about the writing, sir."

The great lawyer looked up with a stare of surprise. But Randolph courageously continued,

"The copying, sir, of which my friend, Mr. Mountjoy, spoke to you in my favor. I am thought to have a legible hand. Would you wish to see me write?"

The astonished stare of the great lawyer changed gradually to one of polite incredulity as Randolph spoke. When the latter had concluded, he said,

"That won't do here, so you'd better take yourself off. I never heard Mr. Mountjoy speak of you——"

But Randolph, who felt like a man whose very life hung in the balance, for he saw no way, if he lost this opportunity, of supporting his family, interrupted.

"Surely, sir, you remember. I saw him only yesterday. He must have mentioned me. Randolph is my name."

The great lawyer might have seen, from the earnestness of the speaker, that there was no attempt at deception. Perhaps he did. But he had known so much of poverty, in the way of his profession, that it had made him callous to it. Besides he happened, on this particular morning, to be occupied in studying an important case, and he was one of those men, not rare in the intellectual profession, who become irritable on being interrupted at such times.

So he answered tartly,

"Take yourself off, I say; and the sooner, the better; or I'll send for a police-officer, to arrest you as a vagrant. You can't play the imposter here."

To this had Randolph come. He, a really better man than the great lawyer, was to be thus insulted, merely because he wore a thread-bare suit.

He turned away. He felt, at that moment, as no words can describe. Shame, mortification, disappointment and despair all crowded, together, upon his mind. A temporary blindness seized him. Yet he succeeded in staggering toward the door, opening it, and gaining the street, choking down his emotions by a violent effort.

As he looked up to the pitiless sky, that yet seemed less pitiless than his brother men, his mental agony proved too great for his weak frame, and a stream of warm blood rushed up to his lips. In his agitation he had broken a blood-vessel.

"God help Alice and the little ones now," he murmured from the depths of his broken heart, for he looked on this as his death-warrant.

There was a grocery store close by, and toward this he moved, like one in a dream, and asking for some salt, he put it into his mouth to absorb the blood. Then he turned homeward.

All the way back one thought possessed him, to the exclusion of every other:—it was what would become of Alice and the little ones, when he should be no more.

And almost for the first time in his life, he prayed earnestly, and not in mere form of words, that God would show pity to "the widow and the fatherless."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

MY COUSIN'S VISIT.

BY JOHN R. WHITE.

Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Nov 1852; VOL. XXII., No. 5.; American Periodicals
pg. 220

MY COUSIN'S VISIT.

BY JOHN R. WHITE.

ONE beautiful morning in June I received the following letter:

NEW YORK, June 20th, 18—.

"MY DEAR COUSIN—I will be with you on the 25th inst. I come by the cars to Auburn. It is so very warm here that we can do nothing but start for the country. Give my love to aunt and Cousin Lucy, and I remain, dear cousin,

Yours truly,
JOSEPH DANES."

I hastened home and handed this letter to my mother. As she was reading it, my Sister Lucy entered, and listened eagerly.

"Cousin Joseph coming," exclaimed Lucy, gaily waltzing round the room, for Joseph was a great favorite of hers, "how rejoiced I am. Oh, Fred, are you not glad?"

"I am glad that it gives you so much pleasure," I answered, and turning round walked off, much to the annoyance of my sister.

Before going further it is necessary to give a few words of explanation about who Cousin Joseph was. Joseph was an only son of my mother's brother. He was born in the city, was educated there, and now lived there. He was said to be handsome by those who had seen him, and amongst them was my sister; I had never myself met him. I was, however, much pleased at the prospect of having a young companion; for although a couple of years younger than him, I knew we would soon become friends. My family lived on the shores of Owasco Lake, about six miles from Auburn, one of the loveliest spots in the state. Fish of all sorts were to be had in the lake in abundance, and game near the shore and in the woods. Our neighbors were hospitable, friendly people, and kept up a close intimacy with our family.

Everything was in readiness for my cousin's reception, and as I prepared to start to Auburn with the carriage, my sister said in confidence,

"There will be several young ladies here this evening, and I expect you will be pleased and surprised when you see some of them." I wondered as I drove off what she meant, for I had not been at home long enough to know many of the young ladies who lived near, and I knew of only one whom I would be glad to see, but I was sure she would not be there. I had become acquainted with her but lately, on my returning home from college. The train had stopped at

Utica, when the conductor entered the car, and asked,

"Is there a gentleman in this car going to Auburn?"

I immediately answered that I was: and he said,

"Will you take this young lady in charge, and leave her at the Mansion House?"

I replied that I would be most happy to do so. She was soon seated, and the cars again underway. I found my companion a very beautiful young lady who was going to visit some friends. She said they lived a short distance from Auburn, but they would be expecting her, and she had no doubt they were there even then awaiting her. Her name I did not ask; and she, I suppose, forgot to tell it. The distance between Utica and Auburn seemed short; and I felt a pang at parting with her that I had never felt before. The adventure was altogether so strange and romantic that I did not mention anything about it when I got home. That I loved her I felt sure, but how I was ever going to find out who she was, I could not tell. I determined, however, on calling at the Mansion House, and learning there all they knew about her. I accordingly went to the hotel, and ascertained that a carriage had come for her shortly after I left. But where it had gone, no one could say.

Meantime the train arrived, and with it my Cousin Joseph. He was all he had been represented, a gay, frank, handsome young fellow; and in a few moments we were friends, feeling as if we had known each other a whole life-time.

"I have brought guns and fishing tackle," said he, "all you will have to supply is the dog. I expect from what you say to have some glorious sport. I hope my aunt and Cousin Lucy are well."

In this way he rattled on during our drive home; one moment telling me some anecdote of the city, and at another bursting into raptures of delight at the beautiful scenery. The lake, he said, was lovely; and would be a splendid place for a sail occasionally. He asked if there were many ladies living near; and when I told him I did not know, he looked surprised.

"Have any ladies arrived in the neighborhood lately?" said he, with considerable interest in his manner.

"I really cannot say," I replied. "I do not

visit much. My sister is continually going to some party or pic-nic, and she really had the conscience to ask me to a pic-nic last week."

"And you did not go?" said he.

"Certainly not," said I, "I had other things to look to, that day: besides it is always so dull at those pic-nics."

"I think the contrary," said he, "for I always enjoy myself when I am sitting under some fine shady old trees, where all around is fresh and delicious. It is not like the burning, hot sidewalks of our cities. I tell you, cousin, you can never enjoy the country, unless you have lived in one of our largest cities, where all is bustle and confusion. To me, who have always lived in town, it is quite a treat to have even an excursion in the country. But there is the old house," he exclaimed, as we came in full view of my home, "it looks as usual, and I declare I can see aunt ready to welcome me, and Cousin Lucy too. But I say, cousin, who are those other young ladies?"

I expressed my entire ignorance of who they were. I noticed, as we drew up at the door, that Joseph gave a look of surprise and pleasure at one of the windows; but before I could catch a glimpse of the person, who was gazing from it, she had vanished. My mother welcomed Joseph warmly, and kissed him as she would myself. Lucy welcomed him, but did not kiss him, although he looked as if he could undergo that penance from all present.

I was now introduced to the ladies, but did not look half of them in the face; and therefore could not tell one from the other afterward. Supper was soon announced. I conducted the only young lady I knew, Miss Isabella Graham, to the table.

As we withdrew to the parlor, she said,

"What do you think of Miss Gertrude Walton?"

"Which lady do you mean?" I replied, "I am not interested enough, to know one from the other."

"Well, really, Mr. Leonard," said she, "I ought not to tell you; but I will take compassion on you. Mr. Danes is now talking to her."

I looked in the direction indicated, and imagine my surprise, when I beheld the lady I had escorted from Utica to Auburn. I fear Isabella found me a very dull companion from that moment, for I scarcely knew what I said or did, until some person proposed a walk on the lake shore.

All felt the beauty of the scene sink into their souls; for though when they first came out, they were talking and laughing, now they were silent, and walked along each one deep in their own

thoughts. At length we arrived at a lovely grove which was near the lake.

"What a lovely spot," exclaimed Danes, as we entered. And truly it seemed as if the wand of a magician had been at work to beautify the scene, for the moon now rose in all its splendor, casting a silvery light over every object far or near. The lake seemed to dance in its rays, and objects before indistinct were now seen almost as clearly as by day, only the light was purer and more heavenly. The hall was in view from where we stood, and it was bathed in a flood of moonlight. It never looked so beautiful. I turned to Gertrude, and saw her and Danes looking in one direction on the lake. They seemed to have thoughts in common, for whenever he would point out some spot more beautiful than the rest, her eyes lit up, and she would gaze on it evidently with more pleasure, than if any one else had directed her attention to it. It caused me a good many pangs to witness this, but I could not withdraw my eyes from the pair. I almost cursed Danes for his good fortune.

The evening soon passed, and we returned to the hall. In a short time all who were going home left, not, however, before they had arranged for a pic-nic in the grove. It was to take place the day following the next; and after it—in the evening—we were going to ride on the lake. Gertrude went home with her Cousin Isabella. The next day Danes and I went shooting, and on our way to the woods passed the beautiful grove, we had been in the night previous.

"It is not quite so beautiful now," said he, "as it was last night. I never yet saw anything more lovely than it was then."

We shot on till near two o'clock, and then sat down beneath the shade of a fine old tree, to discuss the good things we had with us. We were both tired and hungry, and did full justice to the viands, while for drink we had pure water that ran from a spring near us. As we lay, after our repast, Danes said,

"Fred, I am going to get married."

I started. I know not why, but I felt a chill run through my frame; and I knew that his words were of more import to me than they should warrant.

"You seem surprised," he continued, "but it is so, and the lady is Gertrude Walton."

I started then in reality, and Danes, observing it, said,

"I feared, Fred, from your conduct, last night, that you were smitten. She told me she travelled from Utica to Auburn with you; and she seemed surprised at your not recognizing her. I would not have told you so soon, but I feared it might get to be something serious on your part. We were engaged six months ago, and it was decided

that I should come here and meet her. I hope, I hope I have done right in telling you all," said he, as he concluded.

I pressed his hand, and rose from the ground. I could not trust my lips to speak, and therefore turned away.

"You are not angry, Fred," said Danes, kindly.

I now found time to calm my agitation, and answered,

"No, Joseph. I am glad you told me before it went further. You were right in your conjecture, for I thought I loved her, and in a short time would have done so, if you had not told me all. But now I will be able to withdraw my thoughts from her." He pressed my hand in silence, and we resumed our seats. He told me all, how they loved for years ere her father would consent to their union. He intended that she should wed his ward, and would have made her do so, if his ward had loved her, but he fortunately preferred another, and her father had at length consented.

"She was," he said, by way of explanation, "a cousin of Isabella Graham. You will be considered in the light of a very dear friend, Fred, by Gertrude; and, you know, I think as much of you as if you were my brother. I would it were otherwise, but we must do our best to make you happy."

The day of our pic-nic came round, and at twelve o'clock all were in the grove, making preparations to pass the afternoon as pleasantly as possible. Wreaths of evergreens hung from the trees, and flowers were interwoven with them, making them appear as a vast vine in full bloom.

Flowers were also strewed in abundance around, so that the air was fragrant with their sweet odor. All were happy, all were gay, and among such a party it was impossible for me to be sad. Isabella was my companion, and I forgot all about Gertrude, as I listened to the silvery tones of her voice. We conversed on all topics. The afternoon wore away, and evening approached, but still I could have listened on for hours longer. The moonlight ride was yet to take place, and all agreed it would be the best way to end the day's pleasure. We were to go in pairs, a gentleman and lady in each boat; and of course I went with Isabella. It was a calm, lovely night. Not a breath of wind disturbed the lake, which seemed like one vast mirror, in which houses and trees were reflected as clearly as by day.

There was one glad shout from all as we left the shore, which was caught up by the hills and echoed all round. It seemed to welcome us forth. Never did a gayer party set out for pleasure. Moonlight and such scenery are dangerous: and so I found it.

I am now the happy husband of Isabella; and Joseph Danes and lady are with us on a visit. It is night, and the moon is as bright as it was, the night Isabella first won her way to my heart. We talk over the ride in the cars and our meeting afterward.

"I came near stealing him from you, Isabella," said Gertrude.

I kissed my wife and answered,

"I only thought I loved Gertrude; but I know that I love you."

M R S . E L L I S ' B A B Y .

BY FANNY SMITH.

THERE certainly was never such a baby born as Mrs. Ellis'. The maternal grandmother dandled it, and rocked it on her knees, and covered up its tiny red hands in its blanket, in all the pride of grandmothership; whilst the Grandmamma Ellis put on her spectacles, and peered at it, declaring it was the image of its father, and had his nose precisely. The Ellis nose, by the way, was considered as distinctive a feature in the family, as if they were the only people in the world who had noses.

Mr. Ellis, the father, did not seem quite so enthusiastic about the beauty of the baby, as the mother and grandmother, but he was an unobservant man, and it was not to be expected; and terribly awkward withal, for when he took the "little treasure," as Mrs. Ellis, senior, called it, it was generally upon outstretched arms, holding it from him the greatest distance possible, and stooping over it; handling it in fact very much as an uncouth, overgrown school boy might be expected to handle his sister's doll.

Then as to the likeness, when the resemblance to all the Ellis' in general and himself in particular, was commented upon, he said, "yes, it was wonderful—he saw it very plainly," but in his secret soul, he only thought it was a little thing, that should be handled like fine china, with cotton around it, and that it was very much like other babies after all.

But as we said before, he was very unobservant, poor fellow.

As to Mrs. Ellis, junior, she was a strong-minded woman, and was already revolving such plans in her own mind, for the education, both mental and physical of the child, as would make him a Soloman, a Crichton, and a Hercules combined.

In pursuance of this admirable resolution, as the baby was too young for her to effect much in mental training, she commenced with its bodily wants.

The poor little thing was unwrapped from blankets and flannels innumerable, and plunged up to its neck in water nearly at the freezing point, till it started and kicked like something galvanized, and its little quivering voice came through its blue quivering lips in gasps, as it caught its breath; and then when it was perfectly purple with cold, it was taken out and laid shivering on its mother's lap, till the tedious operation of dressing was completed.

And Mrs. Ellis had a most mathematical head too. She was determined her baby should be hungry by rule, and fed by rule, and as the "three hour system" was a favorite one of hers, the poor little soul sometimes cried for nearly an hour of sheer hunger, and when the white china bowl was brought, which it knew contained its pap, and as its cries stopped, its little eyes sparkled, and its feet twitched from excitement as it thought it was to be fed—the Spartan mother sat composedly till the hour for its meal should strike, for not five minutes would she vary it.

As to all the old fashioned comforts for infancy, she utterly discarded them.

That luxury, the cradle, which soothed the cries of our grandmother's babyhood, was pronounced as highly injurious to the brain, from its constant motion; and the representative of the Ellis' was laid in its crib open-eyed, to cry itself to sleep.

Heaven only knows that our grandmother's brain seems as sound as ours any day, and if there has been any change made by the banishment of the cradle at all, we have suffered rather than gained by it.

But the poor young mother was really to be pitied after all. What with the cold baths and the "three hours' system," to say nothing of the colic, the child cried so much that Mrs. Ellis sometimes thought it must be the worst baby living, or it would certainly thrive under her care.

One morning, a sister of Mr. Ellis' called, whilst the child's screams filled the house.

"Poor little dear," said she, "it must be hungry, Charlotte."

"Oh, no, not at all," was the reply, with a despairing sigh, "he was fed but little more than two hours ago."

"Two hours ago! goodness gracious! well then I know he is hungry."

But Mrs. Ellis averred that she never fed him more than once in three hours, and she knew that was not what ailed him.

"Well then, maby a pin sticks him," replied the sister-in-law, who was the happy, good-natured mother of seven happy, good-natured children.

But a flush of surprise and indignation passed over Mrs. Ellis' face, as she replied with some hauteur,

"Impossible, Margaret, I dressed him myself."

But Margaret had not raised seven healthy children, not to know that a pin might stick them sometimes, even though she did dress them herself, so she stooped down, and passing her hand down the baby's back, felt her fingers slightly pricked.

"If you will put your hand there, Charlotte, you will find that if you do dress your baby yourself, it may be pricked sometimes as well as other folks," said she, angrily.

And then Grandma Ellis' cap fairly shook with indignation when she found that "William's baby" had the colic, and nothing was given to cure it.

"Do give it some of Dewees' Carminative," suggested she, one day, to her daughter-in-law, but Mrs. Ellis shook her head.

"I'd as soon give it poison," replied she.

"Well then," said the old lady, "give it some Homopathic medicine. Mrs. Price says it acts like a charm with her baby."

"Cold water will do as much good," was the angry response.

"Well, my dear, give it some gin then; some pure Holland gin; it can't hurt him," continued the indefatigable grandmother.

"Yes, and make a drunkard of him from his cradle," said the mother, shortly.

"Why, I never heard of a man who loved liquor, because he took gin for colic when he was a baby," replied the old lady, simply, but she found her daughter-in-law would not permit

the slightest interference in the nursery, so she saw the poor baby suffer in silence.

At a certain hour, too, every day, the infant was capped and cloaked for a walk, through wind and cold. There was no waiting for an hour or so, to see if the wind would not die away, or the sun would not gleam out again, nor was it sent out half an hour earlier, because there was a probability of the air growing more raw and cold; oh, no, that was a thing beyond the comprehension of Mrs. Ellis' mathematical mind.

In all weathers except a decided rain, the little thing had its airing.

Now none can deprecate small, over-heated, ill-ventilated nurseries, more than ourselves, none more fully believe in the panacea of bathing, plenty of fresh air, and exercise more than we do, but we think mothers make great mistake in sending little infants from a hot nursery into the cold winter air, on raw, chilly days; and some make equal mistake by keeping their rooms too cold, with the little necks and arms of the children bare, forgetting that what may be comfortable for them covered to the throat and wrists with merino, is a low temperature for infants having no exercise, and clothed in cambric, with sleeves looped up to the width of a tape string.

But Mrs. Ellis, like ourselves, had a plan of her own for raising children, and the image of his father is now struggling through a sickly babyhood, because his mother is a strong-minded woman.

HOW TO WRITE FASHIONABLY.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

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HOW TO WRITE FASHIONABLY.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jones to me, one evening. "I want to go to writing school."

I looked up from the evening paper, which I was perusing, and answered in astonishment.

"To writing school! Surely, my love, you are jesting. You, who write so beautifully, want to go to writing school?"

I saw, in fancy, as I spoke, the exquisite chirography, which had made the letters of Mrs. Jones, before we were married, such treasures to me: and involuntarily I rubbed my eyes, to see if I was not asleep and dreaming.

But Mrs. Jones replied somewhat tartly,

"Indeed I don't write beautifully. I've an ugly, vulgar round hand, just like that of a school mistress; and you don't call that beautiful, do you?"

At hearing this I pinched myself to be assured again that I was not dozing. Finding that I had never been more thoroughly awake in my life, and seeing the eyes of Mrs. Jones bent on me as if indignant at my silence, I stammered out a reply.

"My dear creature," I said, "I don't—really—understand you. You are not serious—in saying that you don't write well—"

But she interrupted me at this point.

"I didn't say anything about writing well," she replied, pettishly. "I said I wrote a vulgar, round hand. And I now say," she added, emphatically, "that I want to go to writing school to learn to write the fashionable hand. I'm positively ashamed of my present style of writing."

"It seems to me," I answered, still bewildered and amazed, "that it couldn't be more elegant. The hair strokes are so delicate, and the thick strokes taper off so beautifully, that it really looks like the finest engraving—"

"You men never understand anything," said Mrs. Jones, interrupting me, with a contemptuous toss of the head. "To think that there is any style in hair strokes!"

"Your hand is so legible—" But again I was cut short.

"The more vulgar for being so. Legibility is a merit in the hand-writing of a clerk, but not in that of a gentleman, much less a lady."

"You don't mean to assert," I retorted, beginning to think my wife crazy, "that you want to learn to write illegibly?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Jones, decidedly, "that I

won't write my round, school girl hand any longer; and that if I can't learn the fashionable hand I won't write at all. I have to blush for my ignorance every time I receive a note from Mrs. Brown, or Mrs. White, because I can't reply in the same stylish hand-writing."

"Ahem!" I said, beginning to comprehend the mystery, for both these ladies were the very quintessence of fashion. "Pray," I asked, "who teaches this new hand?"

"Miss Sharp."

"Ah! a lady. I thought, perhaps, it was some famous writing master."

"A writing master! As if they didn't all alike teach the same vulgar, common-place, copy-book hands." And Mrs. Jones spoke with extreme contempt. "No, Miss Sharp is an English lady, who has moved in the first circles abroad, where this hand is used exclusively."

Light was beginning to break in, more and more, on my bewildered mind. I did not speak yet, however, but waited for further developments. My excellent wife went on.

"The Duchess of Sutherland employs no other hand, and the Queen herself writes it always, except when signing state papers—"

But now I interrupted in turn. If the queen wrote the hand, I knew it was useless to hold out, so I determined to surrender with a good grace.

"Say no more, my love," I cried. "You should have told me this at once. Go, by all means, and learn this new hand: it cannot but be both *distingué* and elegant."

The conversation ceased at this point. Important affairs of business, moreover, drove the subject from my mind, though occasionally I could not avoid noticing how much my wife appeared absorbed in correspondence. She was always now writing, or receiving little, perfumed notes, such as ladies are continually sending to each other.

At last, one evening, she interrupted my reveries about stocks, the money market, and other subjects of masculine interest, by handing me what seemed a bill. I say what seemed, for the writing was totally illegible, so that I could judge only from the general appearance of the slip of paper. I turned it first one way, then another, and held it in a dozen different lights, but I could see nothing except a few lines of strokes, as we

used to call them at school. These strokes were at such a decided angle that they looked like rows of bricks in process of tumbling, arranged, by some mischievous urchin, to knock each other down indefinitely.

"What, in the name of sense, is it?" I cried, at last. "Chinese writing, or what?"

As I spoke, I looked up, and was quite amazed to see Mrs. Jones very red in the face. Before I could say a word more she snatched the paper from me.

"Chinese writing indeed!" And, truth compels me to say she answered in quite a huff. "You know very well what it is, Smith, only you think you'll make fun of me. But I won't submit to any such vulgarity, let me tell you. So give me the twenty dollars at once, for teachers like Miss Sharp, who have had the Duchess of Sutherland for a pupil, are not accustomed to waiting."

The scales fell from my eyes. I gave a prolonged whistle. I well knew my wife would consider me a low fellow for doing it, but I could not have helped it to save my life, my amazement was so great.

"That's the new style of writing then," I exclaimed, when I recovered breath. "You've to

pay twenty dollars for learning to scrawl in that fashion——"

But here I stopped suddenly. There was a warning flash in the eyes of Mrs. Jones that arrested my words. I knew how nervous the dear creature was, and that therefore it would not do to excite her. I had already, I reflected, gone too far. So I meekly drew forth my pocket-book, and taking out a twenty dollar bill, gave it to my wife.

There was little said during the remainder of the evening. Indeed several days passed before Mrs. Jones became entirely affable. Nor to this day is she convinced that I was not trifling with her sensibilities on that occasion; for, whenever I venture to recur to the subject, she becomes frigid to a degree that precludes all amicable discussion.

I have since discovered that Miss Sharp was once a maid servant, in some English nobleman's family; but it is extremely doubtful whether she ever saw her mistress write, much less the Queen. However she has managed to become the rage, or rather her angular hieroglyphics have, and I had the pleasure of paying an additional twenty dollars, to-day, in order that my daughter also might learn to WRITE FASHIONABLY.

LILIAN FLOYD'S CHRISTMAS VISIT.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"My dear," said Mr. Luke Floyd to his wife, "we never hear anything of poor Tom's widow and child. I really think we must write and invite them here. These family ties ought to be kept up, and Tom was the only brother I had;" and Mr. Floyd scraped the back bone of the turkey on his plate with renewed vigor.

Mrs. Floyd settled herself in her chair, filpped the crumbs off her napkin with her delicate ring-covered fingers, and said,

"I am sure, my dear, I have no objection, but had we not better leave it for a while? Christmas is so near, and I suppose, poor soul, she would feel out of place during so much gaiety."

Mr. Floyd held up his glass of generous old port to the light, and gazed wistfully with half closed eyes at its ruby oiliness, as he replied,

"I don't think Mrs. Tom will feel herself at all out of place, my dear, for she is a very respectable lady, and has some money of her own"—a sure sign with Mr. Luke Floyd that a person was respectable.

And so it was that the letter was written, that put Lilian Floyd in such a state of excitement.

Mrs. Tom, as her brother-in-law designated her, declined the invitation for herself, but accepted it for Lilly, who with the unsubdued spirits of seventeen, danced about the house in delight.

"Isn't it a good thing, mamma, that I didn't get a new bonnet and cloak last winter?" asked she. "Mine are as fresh now as can be, and my garnet-colored cashmere I have only worn two or three times—it is as good as new;"—and so Lilian talked on, making the best of her small wardrobe.

To Mrs. Floyd's greater experience, however, her daughter's outfit, looked very slender, but then her income was inconveniently small.

And now, such altering and fitting, such making up of new things, and doing up of old, the little cottage had never before witnessed.

First, there was the new dark blue silk, and the French chintz dresses to be made. Then there was the white mull, which had been bought for the last winter's cotillion party, and had done church service during the summer, to be washed by old Mattie, and ironed by Mrs. Floyd's own careful hands; and the short sleeves were to have new thread edging and blue ribbons, on them;—and the white silk stockings were to

receive a new flesh-tint, from a dipping in cochineal water;—and the one pair of white kid gloves (we are ashamed to confess it, dear reader, but Lilian never had but one pair,) had to be cleaned with flannel, and new milk, and white soap;—and her colored ones had to be rubbed with stale bread-crumbs and India-rubber:—oh, altogether, Lilian never recollects so pleasant and busy a time.

She had no misgivings to mar the pleasure of these preparations. She looked upon her uncle Luke as a modern Aladdin, who possessed a magic lamp, that made him master of countless riches, and on her Aunt Floyd as the most lady-like, fascinating personage in the world; and on her Cousin Harriet, as the perfect embodiment of fine young ladyism, as lovely as laces and silk could make her.

The warmth of her reception no way disenchanted Lilian. She was unusually pretty, lady-like, and well educated; and her relations were too thoroughly bred to have expressed any disappointment, had she not been so; while she was of too healthy a moral nature to imagine slights where none existed.

The whirl, the gaiety, and the splendor of the city perfectly bewildered her. Magnificent furniture, superbly bound books, gay silks, rich embroideries, jewelry piled in the windows in spendid confusion, which she in her innocent little heart thought must be worth a king's ransom, made the store windows one long line of enchantment, till she almost fancied that the glories of the "Arabian Nights" were not fabulous; that alabaster sofas overlaid with gold, and floors inlaid with precious stones, must be common things.

Lilian had never been dissatisfied with any thing in her life before, but it must be confessed that now she was in danger of thinking her little village home rather a dull affair.

And so several weeks passed, but Lilly Floyd was beginning to be just the least bit in the world disenchanted. She had been accustomed to all the honors of belle-ship in an humble way; the first to be invited to parties, pic nics and sleighing excursions; the first in the dance, and the last at home after the revel; but here, after the novelty of crowded rooms, innumerable lights, stirring music, gay dresses, and expensively set tables had worn off, Lilian discovered that she

had little share in the scene, except as a *looker on*. She was too quiet and unobtrusive among so many strangers to be at all noticed, and though some "fast" young gentleman would pronounce her, "a pretty specimen of still life," or "a beautiful wall flower." They vowed she must be a fool, for she could not talk at all; in truth, the pure-hearted girl had no sympathies in common with them, so they went off to flatter and flirt with her more brilliant cousin.

The plain or middle-aged gentlemen to be sure were most polite in asking her to dance, when no more fashionable partners were to be had; but Lilly sometimes saw that she was a *dernier resort*, and often refused with a quiet, "excuse me, sir, if you please," when her feet were fairly twitching to be off, keeping time to the gay music.

But Arthur Thornton, her cousin's admirer, or lover as she thought him, formed an exception, for he was neither plain, nor middle-aged, but young, eminently handsome and very wealthy. He good naturedly sent Lilian bouquets, danced with her, and handed her out to supper, because he saw how lonely she sometimes seemed; and Harriet looked on, rather well pleased, for she feared no rivalry from her cousin, and it kept the gentleman's attentions from other quarters.

One morning, as the girls were preparing for a shopping excursion and promenade, Mr. Thornton came in.

"Just going out?" asked he, "well, I'll not detain you. I only called to see if you would not go with me to-morrow night to hear Parodi, in *Lucrezia Borgia*?"

Lilian's eyes fairly sparkled with delight. *Brindisi*, and the other gems of the opera were familiar to her; but to see Parodi in the whole drama, was what she had not dared to hope for. She was passionately fond of music, had a correct ear, and exquisite taste, which her mother, who was a proficient herself in the art, had most carefully cultivated.

It was not only the music, but the acting which had enchanted her. Her uncle had taken her to see several of the best opera's, and here was now a chance for "*Lucrezia*." She almost held her breath from excitement, till Harriet answered,

"To-morrow night! Why you know we are engaged to Mrs. Lane. I hear the party is to be a most brilliant one."

Lilian's countenance fell in a moment. She was so disappointed, that tears almost forced their way into her eyes. Mr. Thornton noticed this, and said,

"Are you going to Mrs. Lane's too, Miss Lilly?"

"Yes, I expect I must," was the half petulant reply.

"Well, if you do not care too much about the

party, suppose you accompany me to the opera, I do so dislike going alone, and you are so very fond of music, that I think you will enjoy it."

Lilian's spirits rose again.

"Oh, thank you," said she, "I want to hear Parodi so much, in *Lucrezia*, and if I can convince myself that Mrs. Lane will not be miserable at my absence, I will send her a regret," continued she, laughingly.

"Come, ladies," said Thornton, when they had reached the hall door, "do let me accompany you on your shopping expedition, I am somewhat curious to know how expensive a luxury a wife is going to be."

And as store after store was entered, he watched with some amusement the indifference with which the brilliant Miss Floyd turned over the gay goods, and the astonishment with which Lilian heard the prices.

"Well, ladies, I am almost frightened at the thought of matrimony, after all these extravagances. Suppose we have a promenade now, as the day is fine."

But the walk in the direction which they were taking was suddenly stopped by falling bricks, dry mortar and dust, from an old building which was being torn down, so they turned into a crowded but less fashionable street.

In passing a toy-shop, they saw looking eagerly in at the window, three bright faced, happy-looking little girls, very commonly dressed, with their school satchels on their arms, each with a loud voice, pointing out to the others what she would buy if she only had the money.

"I'd have that bureau," said one.

"Oh! that ain't pretty, I'd take that box with chairs and sofas in," answered the second.

"I wouldn't," said the third; "if I had money enough, I'd buy that doll with curly hair, for Anne, because she's lame, you know."

Mr. Thornton and the cousins had been walking very slowly, and Lilian had heard the children's conversation. Their sparkling eager little eyes affected her powerfully. Oh! how she longed for just a little more money, that she might feel justified in gratifying them, and when the little lame Anne was mentioned, she thought to herself, "well, I'll do without that pair of gloves, then I can afford to give them the money, it will yield them so much pleasure;" and as Thornton and Harriet were eagerly debating the merits of some acquaintance, she stepped back to the little group at the window, and handing each a piece of silver, said,

"Run in, now, and buy what you want with it;" and turning to the last speaker, she said, "do you get the doll if you can for Anne." With these words she again joined her cousin.

The children looked at each other, and then at

the retreating figure in amazement. The luxury of fairy tales was unknown to them; but they were nevertheless inclined to believe that there was something supernatural in the lady who had just left them.

The little girl with the lame sister was the first to recover speech. She ran after Lilian, and taking hold of her dress, said,

"I am very much obliged to you, good lady, indeed I am."

"So am I," and "so am I," reiterated the others.

"Why Lilian, what is the matter? have you been playing the Lady Bountiful to those little monkeys?" asked Harriet.

"Oh, no, only I heard one of them say she wanted to buy something for a lame sister, and I gave her a little money," was the reply, "I love so to see children happy."

After impatiently counting the long hours, the time for the opera at last arrived. Lilian had been dressed since the middle of the afternoon; her hood, cloak, fan, and her cousin's opera glass were all lying on the bed in readiness; she was giving the *last* touch, for the fiftieth time, to her collar and the black velvet on her wrists, when Mr. Thornton was announced; and throwing on her cloak and hood in haste, she went down stairs. At the parlor door she met her aunt, who exclaimed, "why, where are your gloves, Lilly?"

"I was going to wear my black lace mitts, aunt, will they not do?"

"Why no, child, people always go the opera in full dress, you know."

"Well, I am very sorry. I hope Mr. Thornton will not be ashamed of me, for really I have no white gloves fit to wear, and I shall not put on soiled ones."

"But I thought you bought a pair yesterday," said Mrs. Floyd.

"No, I was too poor," replied Lilian, laughingly; "this living in the city, and going to parties and the opera, I take to be rather expensive."

Now Mrs. Floyd was a very good-natured woman, but she would not have violated the proprieties of the opera, by going without white kid gloves, or an elegant head-dress, for the world; and she really felt annoyed, fearing the elegant Arthur Thornton would be equally so.

Poor Lilly entered the drawing-room with all the happy expectation banished from her face, for this trifling *contretemps* had suddenly dashed all her pleasure.

Mr. Thornton had heard the whole conversation through the open door, and shrewdly suspecting that Lilian could have afforded to have bought a pair of new gloves, if the little lame

Anne had gone without a doll, he said, as Lilly proceeded to draw on her mitts.

"In how much better taste those black lace mitts are than white gloves, at least, for young ladies." Lilian's face brightened in a moment.

"I am glad," said she, "that you are not ashamed of me, I did not know how strict opera etiquette was here, till Aunt Floyd told me. However, I suppose the music will sound just as well with these," continued she, holding up her round white arm, looking whiter than ever, from the contrast with the black lace.

She reached the opera house in high spirits, and once there, her annoyances were all forgotten. She listened with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, and her warm breath came pantingly, till the last scene, where the mother acknowledges herself to her son, and at the terrible "*si son quella*," heightened by Parodi's inimitable acting, she sprang from her seat, and would have shrieked from excitement, had not Mr. Thornton, who had been watching her, laid his hand on her arm to recall her to herself.

Thornton was amused, as well as interested; he had never seen quite such a natural young lady, and seldom as pretty one. In truth, to the fashionable man, Lilly Floyd was delightfully refreshing and piquant.

And now the day before Christmas had arrived. The display in the store windows was so tempting, that the purse clasps of the veriest miser flew open as if by magic.

Lilian and her cousin were going home from a walk that afternoon, and Lily almost returned to her belief in the reality of the riches of the Arabian Nights; jewelry, splendidly finished work boxes, writing desks, books in all the gorgeousness of green and crimson, blue, purple and gold bindings, fairly bewildered her. The fathers of families were hurrying home with well filled baskets, where plump turkeys, and crimson cranberries, and crisp celery, and rosy-cheeked apples lay in most tempting confusion. The mothers were bending under huge dolls, prancing horses, whole menageries of animals, and locomotives which never went except by gravitation; laughing, half grown school girls, had their muffs filled with pretty toys, and inviting bon-bons for younger brothers and sisters, so delighted with the pleasure they anticipated giving, that they could scarcely keep their own secret; and little boys stood gazing into the shop windows, with their hands in their pockets, and their chins in their comforters, debating in their own minds which of the articles before them they would coax papa to buy.

It was a perfect carnival of mirth and happiness. Crowds of happy-looking children, and as happy-looking parents filled the street; the

very dogs frisked and jumped about, and run between your feet, as if Christmas time was a matter of importance even to them; the middle of the streets were filled with light sleighs, which skimmed along like bright colored birds; the excited horses dancing and prancing to the voice of the driver, and to the silvery music of the tinkling bells.

Twilight had arrived, and the stars came out, and yet still the crowd did not diminish. Parlors were beginning to be brilliantly illuminated, and through the undrawn curtains could be seen gay pictures in gorgeous frames, and large mirrors giving back light for light to the heavy chandelier. In some, festoons of evergreen, from which gleamed the crimson of the holly berry, were gracefully drooping on the walls, and the happy faces of dear little children were pressed against the window panes, peering at the gay groups in the street.

As Lilian and her cousin were ascending the steps of their own house, a little boy about nine years of age accosted them. There was something so wan and sad in his pale face and sunken eyes, that Lilian stopped, though she had been much laughed at by her uncle's family, on account of her sympathies for street beggars.

Harriet entered the door, saying,

"Come, Lilian, he is an impostor, you may be sure."

But her cousin was listening to the child, who said, in an imploring voice,

"Oh! won't you please give me something, Miss?"

"Do you want some money for Christmas?" was Lilian's smiling answer.

"No, Miss, but my mother's very ill, and my little sister died to-day, and I ain't used to begging, Miss." As he spoke this, he burst into tears.

"Do you live far from here?" questioned Lilian.

"No, Miss, only a little way around the corner, up Gray's court."

"Come, then, I'll go with you;" and forgetting the late hour in the impulse of the moment, off she started.

When Harriet entered the parlor alone, and Mrs. Floyd asked for her cousin, she replied,

"Oh! she is at the door, talking to some beggar. Her Quixotism is perfectly absurd. She is not as used to impostors as we are," continued she, on seeing Mr. Thornton seated on the sofa.

"Well, the hall door must be closed, at least, partially, for too much cold air comes in," said Mrs. Floyd.

"Permit me to do it for you, madam," said Thornton, as he arose and went to the door.

But Lilian was not at the steps. "She should

not be out by herself, at this time of night," thought the gentleman, and straining his eyes as he looked up and down the street, he thought he recognized her figure, as she passed under a gas light some distance ahead.

To go back in the hall, snatch his hat from the table and pursue her, was the work of an instant.

As she turned the corner, he hastened his pace, fearing to lose sight of her. He beheld her now enter a dark, dirty-looking court, lighted by one lamp, with two coal heavers plodding sullenly along, and a drunken man staggering home over the hard trodden snow that crunched under his feet; the whole presenting as strong a contrast as possible to the street which he had just left. The place looked as if the Christmas festival had never been instituted for its inhabitants, as if the great event which the next day was to commemorate brought no amelioration, no glad tidings to them.

The only sign of the happy jubilee was a group of children standing under the light, examining with eager, almost envious eyes, a small drum and a clumsy pocket knife, exhibited by two of their triumphant companions.

Just as Lilian and her little guide reached the door, they were joined by Mr. Thornton, who said,

"You are very imprudent, Miss Lilian, to go out at so late an hour; I had to come after you."

"Oh, I didn't think about it, Mr. Thornton; and I suppose I am; but there is a poor woman very ill here, and her baby is dead."

The boy opened the door, and they entered a room, tolerably clean to be sure, but with none of the comforts, and scarce any of the necessaries of life. A tallow candle, running in huge gutters, standing on the rude mantle shelf, threw a dim, worrying kind of light through the room; the floor was bare, and the furniture consisted of a broken stove, two dilapidated chairs, a deal table, and a camp bedstead, with a most scanty supply of clothing.

Lilian was far from rich herself, but she had never seen anything to equal this. None, except those living in large cities, have an idea of the extreme poverty of some of the poor there.

On the bed lay the living mother and the dead infant together. A coarse, hard featured woman was at work on the piece of white muslin, that was to robe the little form for its last resting-place; and the poor mother wept as she thought of the bright Christmas day that would pass so happily to so many little children, and to so many fond mothers, and of the cold winter storms that would howl around the grave of her child; and of the white winding sheet of snow that would cover it; and of the violets and birds that would be there in the spring-time. She wept,

too, as "one without hope," for the poor human love of the mother could not yet look up with the eye of faith, and see her babe with the white winged band around the Great Throne.

Arthur Thornton stood by the door in silence. He had never witnessed a scene like this either. A new phase of life was revealed to him.

He knew that there were such poor, such very poor people, but a fortunate life had never before brought him in contact with them. He was not a selfish or unfeeling man, only a prosperous and thoughtless one; but as Lilian Floyd bent over the bed, and with the sympathetic tenderness of a truly kind heart, talked to the woman, as if she had been used to the haunts of poverty all her life, he silently vowed that, hereafter, the talent committed to his care should not lie unproductive.

Lilian, in the meanwhile, was gathering the history of the sick woman.

"I am a widow, and used to sew, Miss, for the shops," said she, "till I got a cold in the fall, carrying some work home in the rain; then I was laid up, and it came dreadful hard on us; for I didn't get enough money to put any by, and Philip only got a dollar a week, for being errand boy in a grocery store. And his money, Miss, I had to take for rent."

"Was the baby sick long?" asked Lilian.

"Yes, Miss, about two months. She took the fever from want of food and fire; it was that that killed her," and the mother burst into a passion of tears.

"And the doctors didn't care, Miss," continued she, "to come to see us poor people, when there ain't much chance of their being paid. They tell us to go to the dispensary physician, but when we get too ill to go to them, we generally go to the grave next."

"But have you had no help all this time?" again asked Lilian, almost appalled.

"The neighbors have been very kind, and give us all they could, but they are most as poor as us," was the reply.

Thornton, during this conversation, had sent the boy for a physician for the mother, and taking a bill from his pocket book, had ordered him to procure whatever was wanted from the grocers.

After slipping some money into the hand of the sick woman, Lilian arose to go, promising to call the next morning.

"Isn't it horrible," said she, when they got into the street, to her companion, who seemed buried in thought, "isn't it horrible to think that a little child should die from want in such a great city?"

"I never before realized it myself," replied Thornton, "I have always wrapped myself up as in my own comforts, that the cold winds of poverty could not pierce them."

As he spoke, he again fell into thought, for Lilian Floyd had unconsciously, by her benevolence that night, sown seeds that were hereafter to bring forth fruits for the great harvest of eternity.

Mrs. Floyd scolded her niece in a lady-like way for running home with all the beggars who might choose to impose upon her, and after hearing Lilian's story, said that she would order the housekeeper to put up some wine and other things, and send them by a servant, but that it was not proper for her to go there again. Harriet laughed contemptuously and somewhat spitefully, and said it was a new way to create an interest in the heart of a fashionable gentleman.

Notwithstanding these insinuations, Lilian was early with the bereaved mother on that bright Christmas morning. She now thought the coarse, hard-featured woman, whom she had seen the night before, absolutely beautiful, when she discovered that the little grave dress had been purchased from her own hard earnings, and saw her place the stiffened form of the dead child in the coffin with such motherly tenderness, and drop great tears on the waxen fingers when she crossed the little hands.

Oh! death, and poverty, and sorrow, that come in such terrible guises, how little do we know, when we tremble at your presence, that we "are entertaining angels unawares."

The little coffin had been born away, and the poor mother lay on the bed in all the agony of inconsolable grief.

An old worn Bible was on the mantle shelf, and Lilian, who had determined to stay till the neighbor should return, took it down and commenced reading.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And then she turned to the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians. Gradually the sobs from the bed became less frequent and loud, while in a low reverential tone, that gradually rose to one of exulting, Lilian read on—

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory. Oh, death where is thy sting? Oh, grave where is thy victory?"

Unnoticed by the young reader, Thornton had entered and stood with bowed head, such tears filling his eyes as he had not shed since he stood by the grave of his mother, and there seemed to come over him the same child-like peace there used to, when he knelt by her knee when a little boy and prayed, "God bless me, and make me good."

A few days after this, Lilian took her departure for her village home, but not till Mr. Thornton had told her that he had procured more comfortable lodgings for her *protege*, and a more lucrative situation for her son.

The glorious summer weather had come again, and the meadows were green, and the waters sparkled, and the young leaves rustled around Lilian's home.

She returned from a walk one day, when her mother said,

"A friend from the city was here whilst you were out, Lilly."

"A friend of mine from the city! who was it, mamma?"

"The Mr. Thornton, whom you used to write so much about, as being so polite to you."

"Mr. Thornton," exclaimed Lilian, in surprise,

"why who does he know here? What did he come for?"

"To fish, he says," responded the mother.

"To fish!" But Lilian made no other comment.

The hotel keeper, with whom Mr. Thornton boarded, said it was strange that he always went down the street to go fishing, for he had told him several times that the trout streams were in quite a different direction; but when, in the next autumn, a handsome travelling carriage whirled off with Mrs. Tom Floyd and Arthur Thornton, and little Lilian as a bride, to the city, the good man nodded his head, and laughed one of his full, mellow laughs, as he said to a neighbor,

"This comes of trout fishing, and Miss Lilly's Christmas Visit."

COUSIN MERCY'S CURL.
AN EXTRACT FROM "LES LARMES."

BY ELLA RODMAN.

AND why should not I have "*Les Larmes*" as well as Miss Blanche Amory, of Pendennis memory? Although mine are not "bound in blue velvet, with a gilt lock," but only in plain calf-skin, with memory for a clasp, they more truly merit the title than all those fictitious woes that were so liberally poured forth upon Laura Bell—for they are the real, genuine article. But alas! where am I to begin? For

"They gather—
See! how fast they gather."

I have it! Childhood is proverbially a privileged period; so, shade of Cousin Mercy! remember that "you'd scarce expect one of my age"—that is, the age I claimed then—to find out Master Cupid when he chose to wander so far from his proper orbit.

So, some years ago, when I was a little imp of a girl, it was my unlucky fate to come between, not exactly two lovers, but two who might have been such but for my untimely interference. Miserable child that I was! thus to extinguish the faint blue flame that was just struggling into life! How tenderly I now would fan it into a blaze—how anxiously watch it as it wreathed slowly but surely upward!

And yet I clumsily destroyed all the frostwork of that dawning love-passage, just as a bear might be supposed to entangle himself in a silken network—little knowing, and perhaps little heeding, the mischief I accomplished. Had it been any one else—one whose youth was some foundation for the assurance that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught"—but Cousin Mercy, who was like a summer flower in autumn time, felt the cruel blow most keenly.

It is not much wonder, either, that the idea of placing "Brother Brittles" in the light of a suitor never once entered my head, and that when they told me he came to see Aunt Starr I should implicitly believe them; for Cousin Mercy had various little endearing peculiarities that stamped her as an old maid.

I one night shared her couch; (the first and the last time, by the way) and during the enjoyment of this felicity, I watched her performances with considerable interest. The first change in her appearance that struck me particularly was the total disappearance of some very rich-

looking curls, and the substitution of a very singular night-cap, securely tied on the top of her head.

Being of rather a tender age, I puzzled over the curls with a troubled spirit; but every conclusion at which I arrived failed to satisfy me. At first, I thought that she might have burned them off in the candle; but then her remaining hair did not look singed—so I gave that up. She might have brushed them out and put them up in papers—but no papers were visible; and I remained very much puzzled, with eyes very wide open for the next occurrence.

Cousin Mercy now deliberately took out a whole row of false teeth, and laid them before her on the toilet-table. I conceived, at first, that I must be dreaming, and closed my eyes to open them again; but there were the teeth—not exactly "a living evidence," to be sure—but the next thing to it. Yes, the fact was not to be denied; and now, quite prepared for the shedding of a set of limbs, intended to come apart and fit together, like the puzzling maps, I watched in a state of benumbing astonishment. Her next performance, however, was quite an innocent little piece of old maidism; it was merely to place a pitcher of water and a tumbler by her side of the bed, to be ready for an emergency.

Horrified at what I had seen, I fairly trembled when Cousin Mercy climbed into the couch; and retreating, as she advanced, I shrank off to the farther side. The bed, unfortunately, was in the middle of the room; and not being protected by a barricade of wall, I slid entirely out of it, and, to Cousin Mercy's great annoyance, fell upon the floor. She decided that I was too troublesome a bedfellow; and having been banished from her apartment, which seemed to me almost like Blue-Beard's blue chamber, I was kindly picked up by Aunt Starr, who always took compassion upon stragglers. I found this a very pleasant exchange—except that the old lady had a habit of snoring, which often kept me awake; and then I pondered upon the curious metamorphosis that I had witnessed in Cousin Mercy.

"Brother Brittles" was an innocent, unwordly-minded minister, of the Baptist denomination, who was distinguished by the peculiarity of a red cotton umbrella. Winter and summer this sanguinary-looking article kept company with

"Brother Brittles;" in stormy weather it sheltered him from rain and snow—on pleasant days it kept off the sun—and when not on active duty it was shouldered like a musket, and answered the purpose of a flag warning. Far off the red symbol gave notice of his approach; and prevented any flutterings that might have arisen from his unexpected appearance.

I had seen him at church, and passed him in our walks; but I had never yet been actually face to face with him. My first acquaintance with "Brother Brittles" was on this wise:

At Aunt Starr's I always heard a great deal about "going to bed with lambs" and "rising with larks;" and I was there persuaded that bread and milk was the only supper that could be partaken of with any degree of innocence. Sometimes, to be sure, I did suspect Aunt Starr and Cousin Mercy of taking something a little more hearty after I had retired to bed; and once I glided down and caught them in the very act; but, upon the whole, I was pretty credulous; and could, without much trouble, be persuaded that black was white.

Aunt Starr's farm was rather retired, and I saw very few visitors; therefore, I disliked to miss any that did come—not much caring how my object was accomplished. I had retired, one evening, in lamb-like fashion; but, not feeling very sleepily inclined, I kept my ears wide open to listen to any unusual signs below.

Before a great while I distinctly heard the front door open and shut, and a man's step in the hall. An actual visitor, and I in bed! The sound of voices was absolutely galling; and without troubling myself about the consequences, I glided down stairs in my night-dress, and placed myself close beside the parlor door.

This happened to be open; and as the weather was very warm, it was only lighted by the swinging hall lamp. It was not my intention to listen—I only wished to see; but that being denied me, my attention was soon wholly engrossed by some very unwelcome companions. Shoals of snapping bugs had flown in through the open doors and windows, attracted by the light, and these were now buzzing about my ears in a manner that was anything but agreeable.

Two or three of the largest and blackest fairly settled themselves on my white drapery; and startled out of all prudence, I sent forth a shriek that drew Aunt Starr, "Brother Brittles," and Cousin Mercy to the scene of action. The good-natured clergyman took the little, trembling, white-robed figure in his arms, and brushed off the bugs; while the others overwhelmed me with questions. "Brother Brittles" seemed resolved to believe that I had been walking in my sleep; but Cousin Mercy smilingly shook her head.

She did not wish to contradict the visitor; but she looked very incredulous, notwithstanding.

That evening was one of unalloyed enjoyment. Poor "Brother Brittles!" Naturally good-natured, and doubtless supposing that he was thus establishing himself in the good graces of his "ladye-love," he placed me on his lap, where I sat enthroned like a little queen, and received his homage with infinite zest. From what I can remember of Cousin Mercy's manner on that particular evening, I have good reasons for supposing that she wished me back again in my nest; but I was too busy in repeating long poems to "Brother Brittles" to heed her "nods and becks."

Misery loves company; and with all the sufferings, "both of body and mind," attendant upon the acquisition of that knowledge, still fresh in my remembrance, I imparted to "Brother Brittles" all my stores of geography, philosophy, and history. I was deep in the siege of Troy when the clock struck ten; and, much to my dismay, Aunt Starr insisted upon my returning to bed. What did I care if the lambs were tired of waiting for me, and had gone to sleep long ago? Young as I was, I had experienced an excitement in finding, in a lonely country place, something in a hat and coat to talk to; and the enjoyment had not yet palled upon my senses.

As I left the room, I had the satisfaction of hearing the visitor say, "that is really a wonderful child!" An idea probably echoed by Cousin Mercy, but with the addition that there are various ways of being wonderful.

About once a week "Brother Brittles" came to take tea; and although I have reason to think that he was one of those innocent minded men who would go on visiting in this way for five years and a half, and then, on being asked "what his intentions were," be fairly shocked into an abrupt departure—Aunt Starr and Cousin Mercy had come to the conclusion that "Brother Brittles" attentions were very particular.

"I really don't know what to think of 'Brother Brittles,'" said Cousin Mercy, one day, when I sat on a very high stool, hemming a very interminable handkerchief, "every time I take a walk with him, I'm afraid that he'll propose."

Aunt Starr pushed up her spectacles and gazed at her daughter with infinite astonishment, as well she might—for was not "Brother Brittles" the straw sent by kind fate to prevent Cousin Mercy from drowning in the Lethe of single blessedness? And did not that perverse maiden actually hint at a feeling of indecision with respect to grasping said straw? So Aunt Starr looked, and finally came out with:

"Don't be too hasty, Mercy—you remember how Doctor Kilworthy—"

But here Cousin Mercy pointed to me, with the wise observation that "little pitchers have large ears," and thus cut short a most interesting communication.

Well, time passed on, as the novelists say; and one evening Cousin Mercy came in from the garden, where she had been taking a moonlight walk with "Brother Brittles," wearing a most perturbed air. She carefully avoided the light, and remained seated in a shaded corner of the apartment—quite unheeding the mysterious signs that were directed toward her by her parent.

Aunt Starr perfectly delighted in a courtship; and she could never be persuaded that two single people, who were brought together with reasonable opportunities, would not eventually turn out a pair of lovers. She smiled benignly upon "Brother Brittles"—she made signs to her daughter that she was ready to evacuate the apartment if desired; but the evening passed, and nothing came of it.

After the visitor's departure, Aunt Starr was evidently preparing herself for a blushing confession, or a whispered entreaty of: "mother? give me your blessing!" but Cousin Mercy merely unburdened her heart with the announcement that one of her side curls was missing!

"Depend upon it," said Aunt Starr, in a knowing way, "that the poor man has captured it when you were not looking. Quite romantic, I declare! He'll be rather surprised," she added, more soberly, "to find it fastened on a comb."

Cousin Mercy groaned in spirit, and searched the house and garden through in vain. A conviction that "Brother Brittles" *must* have taken it forced itself upon her mind; but, as a sort of forlorn hope, she enlisted me in the search, and promised me two shillings if I succeeded in bringing to light the missing curl.

Pieces of silver were in those days very much like angels' visits with me; and I resolved that, if human exertion could win it, the prize should be mine. Oh! how I searched through that garden, and how endless seemed its extent! How I trampled down Aunt Starr's favorite plants in the vain expectation of seizing the treasure, when it invariably turned out to be something else! How I laid awake o' nights spending that two shillings!—very much as Mrs. Caudle laid out the five pounds her husband had lent—and how I arose in the morning and went at the search with renewed vigor!

Days passed, and still no curl; and what was also puzzling, no "Brother Brittles." Blessings brighten as they leave us; and now that the worthy clergyman seemed only to have crossed her path like a bright meteor, I am convinced that Cousin Mercy discovered a thousand perfections in him that had hitherto lain concealed.

One afternoon I was digging away in my own little garden—having almost given up the curl as a hopeless search—when, happening to lift my eyes toward a lilac bush, that grew most provokingly in the centre of my plot, I saw—jointed dolls, and wooden tea-sets! what *did* I see? I thought of Absalom's fate as I unhitched the devoted curl, and wondered if he wore side combs?

With my prize clutched in one hand—with eyes fixed on a shining two-shilling piece—heedless of all intervening obstacles—I rushed into the very midst.

As I entered the parlor, there sat "Brother Brittles," and there sat Cousin Mercy; and in a transport of rapture I called out,

"Cousin Mercy! here's your curl! I found it in the lilac bush!"

Had so many pounds of lead been dropped into their midst it could not have produced a greater heaviness than the silence which followed my unlucky advent. I had restored Cousin Mercy's curl, to be sure—but how? Very much as the bear chased flies from the face of his friend.

"Brother Brittles" was so extremely innocent and unworldly that he would doubtless have believed you had you told him that baked apples grew on trees, and that fried fish were the ready tribute of some particular ponds—but here was proof positive that hair didn't always grow on heads; and with a troubled spirit, that worthy man took his departure. Cousin Mercy felt that the last link was broken; and "Brother Brittles" concluded that it would never do for a missionary's wife to wear false curls. That red umbrella is now flourishing about somewhere among the savages of the Feeji Islands.

I received my two shillings and my walking ticket very much at the same time; my delightful company had failed to give satisfaction. With the wisdom of riper years I have often in solitude mourned that little *faux pas* of my inexperienced youth; but alas! to Cousin Mercy I might cry "peccavi" in vain, and repeat the question, "what's in a name?"

CAROLINE LESLIE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"Come, Nora, dearest, congratulate me!" exclaimed a merry voice, as two brilliant eyes were raised from a miniature, set in diamonds, on which they had been intently gazing.

"Congratulate you, Carry! on what? Has Mr. Claymore returned?"

"Claymore, pshaw! Your thoughts are always wandering across the Atlantic. Pray, may one never receive proposals from one nearer home?"

Nora looked earnestly at her companion for a few moments ere she replied, "I will not believe it, Caroline. Wild, thoughtless, aye, ever coquettish, as some say you are, I will not so wrong you as to believe that you have seriously encouraged the addresses of any suitor save him, to whom you so long ago plighted your vows of love."

"Well, believe it or not, as you please, my most ungracious confidant; I assure you, with all due gravity, that I have within the past hour plighted my vows anew; and for proof, behold this." And she suddenly held up the miniature.

"And Claymore," interrupted her companion, reproachfully; "poor, deceived Claymore!"

"Pshaw," said Caroline, "Claymore sinks into insignificance compared with Mr. Ellsworth." And she gazed, with proud admiration, at the likeness, which indeed pourtrayed features whose noble beauty justified her praise.

"Mr. Ellsworth is certainly not deficient in any attractions, whether personal or mental," was the quiet reply. "Whatever may be said as to your motives, all will admit that your choice is in no way unworthy of you: but, with all the beauty and elegance of his face, form and manners; his acknowledged talents and splendid genius; there is yet *one* thing wanting to make him equal to the one he has supplanted—one essential which all his brilliant attractions cannot supply, yet which is worth them all."

"And pray, what may be this wonderful requisite, my little mentor?"

"A heart, Caroline! a warm, generous, affectionate heart—which you once deemed indispensable in a partner for life. Grafton Ellsworth may win admiring glances from the proud and beautiful. He may be the envy of his fellow men, while yet his position in society makes them eagerly court his favor: and he may even be worthy of all the compliments so lavishly showered upon him: but trust me he is not the man to render you happy. How much more conducive

to the felicity of domestic life would be the gentle kindness of Claymore—his unwearying thoughtfulness and affection, than all the brilliant gifts of his favored rival!"

"But you look only on one side of the picture, Nora, and do not regard the charms which the reverse presents. Ellsworth has wealth unbounded—while Claymore, through the eccentricity of a foolish, miserly old father, can only obtain, annually, a sum sufficient to support him in good style. Then remember, too, that Ellsworth is an *M. C. Heigho!* How delightful 'twill be to spend my winters in the gay metropolis of the nation—to have my husband pointed out as one of the most prominent members of the National Council—to see the House crowded when he is to speak, and all hanging with breathless attention on his words."

"Proud you may be; but happiness you will, perhaps, by sad experience learn, is not the necessary lot of the wives of our distinguished men. Yet, if you are really decided, as you say, I hope your future, Caroline, may be all that you desire."

"Thank you, dear Nora! I knew you would not long be angry with your poor Carry; but come, let us prepare for a walk," and the two girls with their arms fondly entwined left the parlor together.

Bright lights were flashing from costly chandeliers over the gay crowds that filled the spacious rooms of a large mansion; music gave forth its most melodious strains; there were brilliant eyes and witching smiles; gay dresses and flashing jewelry; all indeed that could give lustre to an evening party was collected within Mrs. Russell's drawing-rooms. It was the beginning of November; too early for the gaieties of the season: but the party was given in honor of a fair bride, who was shortly to leave her native land with him to whose destinies she had linked her own; and very few of the fashionables invited had thought proper to absent themselves. Conspicuous among the crowd appeared the noble-looking Ellsworth, with the brilliant Caroline Leslie leaning on his arm. Scarce two weeks had passed since their betrothment, and already there were rumors afloat that the bridal day had been named for an early period; and not a few ill-natured remarks were whispered by some of the company who were acquainted with her previous engagement to

Claymore, as Caroline moved gracefully along, her exquisite beauty more fascinating than ever; gratified pride and ambition lending a brighter lustre to her large hazel eyes, and a more expressive smile to her beautiful lips; her beaming glance, ever and anon turning to him who was the cynosure of all eyes—for whose admiration so many fair ones had sighed in vain.

Suddenly there was a bustle at one end of the apartment as some one entered, and several gentlemen eagerly advanced to greet the new comer. He was of small and rather slight figure; his countenance, though not decidedly handsome, was yet rendered striking by its singularly intellectual expression; his manners, gentle, easy, and unassuming, marking the perfect gentleman, and evincing in every look and tone of voice one of those warm-hearted, generous natures, which so insensibly attract the good-will of all with whom they come in contact. Ellsworth and his companion had observed the momentary confusion, but were ignorant of its cause, till a lady near them remarked to another that it was Mr. Claymore, who had just returned from Europe, turning at the same time to observe the effect of the announcement on Caroline. A crimson flush mantled Miss Leslie's very temples, but the next instant she became pale and motionless, while her eyes were intently fixed upon the group that had first arrested her attention. A sudden movement amongst them revealed the form of him she most dreaded to see. There stood her forsaken lover, whom she had flattered herself would not reach home before her union with his rival—yes, there he stood, courteously and kindly replying to those who thronged around him, though the earnest, inquiring glance that roved over the fair forms near him, showed that his thoughts were of one alone—and that one—how should she meet him? Her first impulse to retire into the adjoining room, and thus delay as long as possible the dreaded moment, was abandoned as she saw curious eyes fixed upon her; and she instantly decided to remain where she was, calling the pride of her nature to nerve her to meet him with an air of cool indifference. She turned to Ellsworth and began a trifling conversation; but the next moment Claymore stood before her, breathing her name in soft, low accents, while he pressed her hand fervently within his own. She did not withdraw it, and her eyes for a moment only met his, as coldly and without embarrassment, she returned his greeting. At the same instant, to her great relief, the music sounded for a favorite waltz, and Ellsworth led her forward. Surprised and disappointed, Claymore retired to a recess shaded by a rich drapery, where he observed with painful interest his betrothed: nor was it without

vexation that he saw her regarding her companion with the same glances that had formerly been bestowed on him alone. A suspicion of the truth, however, never entered his mind. He saw that all seemed to regard Ellsworth with respect and admiration, and could not wonder why Caroline should willingly receive his attentions; nor that he should so sedulously devote himself to one whom to see was to admire:—yet he still felt dissatisfied. While absorbed in these unpleasant musings, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and turning he beheld his friend Vernon. The latter had heard from Leonora, to whom he was engaged, of the change in Caroline's feelings, and now drawing Claymore aside, told him, in a few, sad words, the truth.

But Claymore could not, would not credit such treachery. "You are mistaken, you are indeed, my friend," he said, "it is owing to the instinctive delicacy of her nature that Caroline acts so strangely to-night. I did not reflect, until too late, on the singular impropriety of my causing our first meeting to take place in the midst of a curious, gaping crowd. I only arrived at night-fall, and hastening as soon as possible to Mr. Leslie's, learned that his daughter was at Mrs. Russell's party; and, presuming on my acquaintance with that lady, I immediately repaired to her house, forgetting in my eagerness to see Caroline the embarrassment I should cause her—I have been rightly punished."

There was another interval of silence. "You do not speak, Hal—come, now, acknowledge that your suspicions are not well founded!"

"You are deceiving yourself, my dear friend," replied Vernon, earnestly. "You labor to persuade yourself into the belief of what you would fain have true. I can sympathize in your feelings, but cannot aid in your attempts at self-deception. Should I even do so, what could it avail, since the truth, how painful soever it be, must be revealed to you at last?"

Claymore, fixing his eyes upon his friend, as if he would search into his very soul, asked what grounds he had for speaking in this manner?

Thus adjured, Vernon proceeded to relate all that Nora had told him of the conversation between herself and Caroline, on the day that the latter received Ellsworth's miniature. Claymore listened in silence, and made no remark for some time. But at last turning to Vernon, and revealing a face of death like paleness, he grasped his hand warmly, exclaiming in a hoarse whisper, "farewell, my friend! I have detained you too long. To-morrow come and see me." And without further delay, he was gone. —

At an early hour on the following morning, Caroline, having summoned Nora to her assistance, sat beside a sofa-table in the front parlor,

selecting from various annuals, magazines, &c., the different parts of a bridal toilette, which she resolved should surpass anything of the kind she had ever seen, when the servant announced Mr. Claymore, who at the same instant entered. He approached Caroline, and with a graceful bow extended his hand; without hesitation she gave him hers, but instantly withdrew it on perceiving that he was about to raise it to his lips. With some embarrassment he took a seat beside her, while Nora rose to retire. "Wait, Nora, dear, I have not yet released you," said Caroline, sportively, "you must not run away without leave." Nora, with a glance of silent reproof, retreated to the back parlor, leaving the two alone. The lover was evidently at a loss how to commence a conversation. During the long, sleepless night, he had revolved in his mind all that Vernon had said, and which his own observations tended to confirm; but balancing against these the love and devotedness which Caroline had ever manifested for him, he came to the conclusion that his friend and himself had wronged her by their suspicions. With this conviction, he had impatiently awaited the earliest hour when he could with propriety visit her. Yet now her demeanor overthrew all his reasonings, and he was again at fault. Caroline spoke first, and with as much nonchalance as if addressing a casual acquaintance who was paying her a morning call. "You have but lately returned from Europe, I believe, Mr. Claymore?"

"But lately indeed, Miss Leslie; yet I fear too soon; since my absence, long as it seemed to me, procures me this welcome from one whom I had expected would meet me rather differently!"

"Expectations are foolish things," was the careless reply. "And I wonder that a calm philosopher like Mr. Claymore should indulge them."

"Why this bantering, Caroline?" exclaimed her visitor, as if by a strong effort. "You did not always reply to my words thus. There was a time—"

"Oh, I pray you not to speak of the times that were! The present has sufficient claims on my attention. Or if you will exercise your memory, do tell me of foreign lands—recall some spirit-stirring adventure—some hair-breadth escape."

"Again I must beg of you, Caroline, to drop this trifling strain; some other time I will respond to it, but not now. Let us speak of ourselves, my beloved one! Surely a year's separation has not so changed our hearts, that you should seek to conceal your feelings under the guise of these frivolous discourses."

"I have no feelings to conceal from you, Mr. Claymore—and why are you displeased?"

"We are spending the time most unprofitably,

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dearest," persisted her lover. "Let us change the subject to one more precious; we will speak of the past—the beautiful past."

"I have already said that I wish not to speak of it."

"And is it then so valueless to you? That past rendered dear and precious to me by your love."

"I will not hear of love, sir, or anything connected with it. This must forever be an interdicted subject between us."

"Caroline! Caroline!" exclaimed her lover, forcibly seizing her hand, "recall these words—say you spoke them in jest—say anything—but retract these cruel words!"

"I will give no other meaning to my words than that they plainly bear. Release my hand, sir!"

"Not till you tell me the cause of this change, so overwhelming to me."

"I will give you no explanation of my words nor actions, Mr. Claymore," replied Caroline, proudly. "And permit me to say that I am astonished at your presuming to ask it."

"This from you, Caroline," said the lover, in a tone of sadness, while he slowly relinquished her hand. "This from you, whose vows of love were whispered so soft, so fondly to me. From you, whose image I had enshrined in my heart as the representative of all that is pure, and holy, and exalted in woman—from you, whose tearful farewell was treasured as the most precious sounds I should hear till the same voice breathed a welcome home."

He was interrupted by a deep-drawn sigh from Caroline, perhaps his words had touched an answering chord—perhaps—no matter what so that it was favorable to his hopes, and the bright light of joy beamed in his fine eyes as he inquired tenderly if it was so.

"A sigh, Mr. Claymore, may as often be the expression of weariness as of regret: have the goodness to impute mine to the former cause, and—"

"'Tis enough, madam!" replied her suitor, rising with an air cold and stately as her own. "I will, at least, spare you the necessity of further words, and relieve you at once of my disagreeable presence;" and with a bow haughty and formal he disappeared. Yet scarcely had he reached the street door, when he stopped to debate with himself whether he should not return and make another effort to recall the strayed affections of his "lady love." She was his first, his only love, and he could not thus leave her. As he entered the room he had just left, he heard the soft voice of Leonora in the back parlor, and looking in saw that his recreant "queen of all hearts" had joined her. They were standing near

the window, so that neither observed his entrance, and the light, careless laugh of Caroline as she replied to her friend, sounded the death knell of the hopes he still strove to cherish.

"Nora, you are a provoking creature; yet there is something very amusing to me in your looks when you would lecture me about this same Claymore. But take heed how you trifle with me on this point. You would not have me prove false to my affianced husband, now that the very day of our union is fixed!"

"You prove false! How should I suspect you of fickleness, after the beautiful example you have given of constancy!" was the sarcastic reply.

"Now that is almost too much for my patience, Nora: but I will not be angry whatever you say, for I cannot dispense with your tasteful assistance just now. I must look my best, you know, beside the handsome groom."

Claymore had stood, meanwhile, as if rooted to the floor; but these words recalled his bewildered senses; and he rushed from the house. In a state of almost desperation he paced the streets until, without knowing how he had reached it, he found himself near his hotel.

Several days passed. Caroline busied herself with the preparations for her wedding, saw no more of her rejected suitor; while he, as if suddenly bereft of the lofty energy of his nature, spent hour after hour in his room indulging idle reveries—dwelling on the bright and glowing hopes of the past so soon overshadowed, and fancying naught in the future for him but cheerlessness and gloom. Of all his friends, Vernon was the only one admitted to his presence. He felt deeply for his friend's disappointment, and strove with kindly efforts to rouse him from his dejection. One evening, when he had been striving in vain to call up a smile to the sad countenance of his companion, he suddenly exclaimed in a tone of apparent anger,

"Really, Claymore, you must rouse yourself. The girl is not worth regret. Why not return to Europe?"

"I have been thinking, to-day," replied Claymore, with something of returning animation, "not indeed of returning to Europe, but of my folly in quitting it without visiting Greece, which to my imagination always presented the charms of fairy-land. To Europe then I will go, that I may see Greece."

And so it was decided. The same paper that announced the departure of the steamer, in which Claymore sailed, contained also the notice of the marriage between the Hon. Grafton Ellsworth, member of Congress from the state of —, and Caroline Louisa, only daughter of Philip Leslie, Esq.

Caroline was supremely happy. United to a man whose name had resounded through the Union in the trumpet-tones of fame—whose immense wealth would place within her reach all the appliances of grandeur and luxury—her splendid bridal the theme of discussion in fashionable coteries for days succeeding—her trousseau such as a princess might envy—yes, Caroline was now, indeed, a proud, a happy woman. Her husband, gratified by the admiration her appearance everywhere elicited, led her proudly from one scene of amusement to another; and Caroline, her young head almost bewildered by the constant whirl of excitement—her foolish heart fluttering with the mingled sensations of joy, happiness and pride, had happily no time for serious thought—else the image of the betrayed one might, perchance, have risen to her mental vision, causing a thrill of uneasiness or remorse in her bosom.

On their arrival in Washington, her triumph and gratification were complete. As the bride of Grafton Ellsworth she could not fail of receiving attention in every circle; and her own peerless charms, varied accomplishments, and elegant manners rendered the charm complete. In every pageant—and the season was one of unusual gayety—she moved the reigning spirit, the acknowledged queen of beauty; and her vanity, constantly receiving a new impetus, was as constantly administered to by murmurs of admiration which always followed her appearance.

Meantime Claymore had reached France, on his way to Greece, when, one afternoon, as he sauntered through the streets of Paris, he heard his name pronounced. He looked up and saw a dashing equipage.

"What, de Valeurs!" he exclaimed.

"Claymore! The last person I expected to see."

At the same moment two others bowed from the carriage window: one the matronly Madame de Valeurs, the other her beautiful and blushing daughter.

"Come with us," said de Valeurs, who was leaving a jeweler's shop, where he had been giving some orders for the ladies. "You see there is a spare seat. You can't imagine how glad I am to see you."

Madame de Valeurs joined her entreaties to those of her son. The daughter said nothing, but her eyes were more eloquent than words would have been, and Claymore finally consented. While the carriage is driving to the superb villa of the de Valeurs family, go back with us, reader, and we will acquaint you how Claymore came to be so valued by them.

While sojourning in France before, it had been his good fortune to rescue from imminent peril,

perhaps from a fearful death, the only son of Madame de Valeurs. The young man's horse had become affrighted, and was ungovernable, making for a high bank on one side, just as Claymore approached. One glance sufficed to show him the danger. He had scarcely time to spring from the saddle, and grasp the unfortunate rider as he was thrown from his horse on the very edge of the precipice. The young man profusely thanked Claymore, and made him promise to visit him.

Claymore had almost forgotten this promise, when, one night at a ball, his attention was arrested by a young lady near him, in whose countenance there seemed something strangely familiar, though he was confident he had never beheld her till then. She was attended by a gentleman to whom Claymore had been previously presented, and who, on perceiving him, led his fair companion forward, remarking in a voice which though low was sufficiently distinct for Claymore to understand. "You are so partial to Americans, my fair cousin, that I must add another of them to the list of your friends. Mr. Claymore will."

"Americans—Mr. Claymore," repeated the young girl, eagerly, adding gracefully, "a sister needs no formal introduction to the preserver of her brother's life."

Our hero, as he looked at the lovely, animated being beside him, wondered that the striking likeness between the brother and sister had not recalled the circumstance immediately to his memory. They were the same in feature and expression, with the same soft, eloquent eyes—and, he soon discovered, alike in their frank simplicity and confiding ingenuousness.

From that night Claymore was a frequent and always a welcome visitor at M. de Valeur's. The time he had limited for his stay in France expired; yet he still lingered: appointing different periods for his departure, yet as often deferring it. We will not pause to discuss the probability of the fair inhabitant of the Villa having some connection with this delay. He had certainly become deeply fascinated by the artless playfulness and utter want of guile which characterized the lovely Adrienne; and in her presence it was no unusual thing for him to become deaf and blind to every one else: in short, had his heart been free, there is but little doubt that he would soon have acknowledged her conquest: but his faith, as our readers are aware, was pledged to one across the broad Atlantic wave; and were his love for his betrothed not sufficient to bind him to his vow, the strict integrity and unbending honor of his character would alone prevent its violation. But whatever might be his feelings, it was evident to many that the gentle Adrienne

entertained warmer sentiments than those of friendship and gratitude toward the handsome American. Her brother's account of the stranger who had so promptly and kindly come to his rescue, had strongly prepossessed her in his favor: and certainly there was nothing in his appearance, conversation, or manners calculated to lessen the feeling. But her feelings were never suspected by the object of her preference; and at length he left for America, still ignorant that she loved him.

But now, on again meeting her, he could no longer remain blind to the real feelings of Adrienne. His journey to Greece was forgotten. He found a delicious pleasure in being with her. Yet he hesitated to offer his bruised and bleeding heart, in return for her virgin love. At last, one delicious evening, they sat together in the spacious garden of the Villa, engaged as they had for some time past been wont to be—Frederic culling from books, or the rich stores of his memory the choicest gems of the poets of his own language, in the study of which Adrienne had of late made considerable progress; while she listened eagerly to every tone of that loved voice, striving to imprint on her heart the very accents with which he repeated the words. But as the setting sun robed the airy clouds in gorgeous regal dyes, and the deepening shadows made a quiet, spiritual beauty around, the sounds had died away, and the lovers sat in silent reverie. Almost unconsciously their hands met; and Adrienne turning cast a timid glance at her companion. He answered it with one of undisguised affection, and breaking off a few of the orange flowers which grew in fragrant beauty beside him, he hastily wove them together, and presenting the garland to Adrienne, continued his quotations from the poets, in the words of Miss Landon.

"Once, only once that wreath is worn—once only
may she wear
The wreath of orange blossoms within her shining
hair."

His voice was low and tremulous, but he knew his meaning was understood, for the little hand he held trembled in his fervent clasp, like the gentle flowers in the breeze they love—and the moistened eyes that the moment before were raised to his, as quickly fell beneath the deep-fringed lids—and the bright twilight floating around her revealed the rich crimson that tinged the clear olive of her cheeks as he drew her closer to him. The poets were forgotten; but the watchful sentinels of night had one by one taken their places in the clear, blue vault above, ere the two lovers sought the shelter of the house—and when soon after, Claymore trod the shores of Greece, his tour was far from a lonely one. A

congenial spirit was with him—a heart glowing with love and happiness responded to every thrill of his own; and Claymore often repeated the lines of the favorite poet of young and loving hearts:

“—How the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.”

When the journey to Greece was finally made, it was with Adrienne as his bride. But we do not design to follow the young couple on their travels. We will suppose them established, at last, in their quiet, elegant home in America, the tranquil pleasures of which both were so well fitted to appreciate and enjoy.

When Caroline Leslie, boasting of Ellsworth's countless riches, spoke of Claymore having only sufficient to support him in good style, she little dreamed he was at that very time the possessor of wealth probably equal to his who had supplanted him. Yet such was the real case. A rich old bachelor uncle in England, who had refused for years to hold any correspondence with his trans-atlantic connexions, became at first sight strangely prepossessed in favor of our hero, insisting that he should be an inmate of his old ancestral home during his stay in England: and when during his sojourn in France, Frederic heard of the old gentleman's decease, he was astonished to learn that with the exception of a few trifling legacies, he was the sole heir to his uncle's immense possessions. The wealth thus suddenly and unexpectedly acquired had few charms to a man of Claymore's simple tastes, for the gratification of which his own means had always sufficed. But in one respect it was welcome, as enabling him to gratify one of the noblest wishes of his heart, in lending a helping hand to young, aspiring genius, especially of his own land: and the first use he made of his new acquisition was in favor of many of his young countrymen he found in France and Italy laboring and struggling for distinction and fame, while often at a loss for their daily bread. Hence his house, if, as some thought, somewhat deficient in the luxurious adornments of fashionable mansions, was beautified with some of the highest efforts of genius, purchased at prices which even the gifted artists had not dreamed of obtaining: while his example in this respect incited several of his friends to make the same noble use of a portion of their wealth. A man of leisure, he gradually turned his attention to affairs of state, and, some years after his return, was appointed to the United States Senate, when, having purchased a commodious residence in the National Metropolis, he continued to enjoy all the comforts of home during the sessions of Congress. He soon became one of the most energetic and efficient members; and his native state had no

cause to regret the confidence she had placed in him.

But where is our other friend, Caroline Ellsworth, all this time? We parted her company amid the scenes of fashionable life, and amid its enchantments we must again seek her. She is still very beautiful, but the bright blush of carelessness gayety and health has vanished; and though when arrayed in rich attire she moves through the festal hall with a step graceful and stately as ever, there is but too often a faint cloud of satiety and weariness upon the jeweled brow; and he must be a superficial observer indeed who does not notice the listless attraction with which she mingles in the gay, thoughtless crowd. She is weary of the constant excitement; yet is it unfortunately her only means to pass away the time that else would drag so heavily. Poor Caroline has made a sad, a fatal mistake! The promptings of a foolish ambition are no more; and her heart awakened from its feverish dream refuses to be satisfied with the semblance of happiness which is its portion.

The thoughts and feelings of her early years, ere the syren voice of flattery and adulation had charmed with its deceitful accents a heart naturally warm in its affections, and disposed to value love above all other earthly things:—have resumed their sway in her bosom; and she sits lonely and miserable in her stately home; or robes herself in satin or velvet folds, and braids the flashing jewels around her aching head, and mingles again with the mirth-seeking throng: but the impatience and disgust with which on returning, she throws aside her costly attire and gorgeous gems which perhaps have excited the envy of all, show how futile is such an attempt to still the workings of uneasy thought. She is pining for a look, a word of sympathy and affection; and her heart constantly thrown back upon itself by disappointment weeps tears—bitter tears of sorrow and despair. Not that her husband is in any way harsh or unkind to her. Oh, no! Mr. Ellsworth is by far too perfect a gentleman in all respects to use harsh or unbecoming language to a woman: but the wife looks in vain for a token of the kind, earnest, thoughtful love which would open a new world to her vision, and make her life really as happy and enviable as her admiring friends now imagined it to be.

Mr. Ellsworth was by no means an unamiable or selfish man, but he was just as far from being an affectionate or warm-hearted one. He could not bear the sight of distress, and his purse was always open to relieve the poor and unfortunate; but he never dreamed that a few kind or encouraging words accompanying his bounty, would often prove more grateful to the sinking heart of its recipient, than the pecuniary aid he so

promptly bestowed. And in the same manner he acted in his domestic relations. He would purchase for his beautiful wife the costliest article of dress or jewelry that attracted his admiration; but the careless manner in which it was presented produced a corresponding coldness on the part of Caroline; and his brilliant gifts awoke no pleasurable emotion, and were disregarded save for their own inherit value.

Thus also, if during the sessions of Congress, Caroline wished to accompany him to Washington, put up at the most fashionable hotel, and mingle in all the gayeties of the season, she was perfectly welcome to do so: but if she preferred remaining in her distant home, her husband left her with perhaps an expression of surprise at such an absurd choice, never troubling himself to persuade her to a more rational one.

It had been the misfortune of Mr. Ellsworth to be brought up in a home, the inmates of which had but little time to spare from the requirements of custom and society to cultivate these quiet, gentle virtues which throw a halo and a charm around family intercourse. When the father is continually called abroad by the duties and excitement of public life, and the mother is as frequently summoned away by the calls of fashion; thus leaving to servants the almost exclusive charge of the younger members, it is but seldom indeed that they grow up otherwise than selfish and unfeeling.

It was several years after Mr. Claymore's last return from Europe, before he and the object of his early love met again: and then, as on a former occasion, the remembrance of which rushed simultaneously to their minds, the meeting took place before strangers. The recognition was somewhat constrained and formal on both sides; Caroline's manner was even more stately than at Mrs. Russell's party, but now it was only assumed to hide the sudden pang which she feared those around would observe. The flood-gates of bitter self-reproach were thrown open, never to be entirely closed again; for long before she had become conscious of her mistake, and one glance at her former suitor and his happy, joyous wife, recalled to her mind the happiness that might have been hers, but which she had voluntarily cast from her. Oh, how often after that ever-to-be-remembered night, did she vainly strive to banish the regrets which would arise! She knew that Claymore's wife could not but be happy, and how could she avoid contrasting the happiness which might have been her own, and her present joyless lot? Sadly and forcibly was it impressed upon her, when at length the buoyant health which had supported her through many a lonely hour of sorrow, gave way. Confined to the wearisome bed of sickness, she passed many painful

days alone, save the attendance of her nurse—her husband absent as usual, busied with his political projects: for he had declined a re-election to Congress, and was now a candidate for the Gubernatorial chair of his state. And while he was thus engaged, and his friends were making every street re-echo their shouts, and even his enemies gave reluctant testimony to his brilliant qualifications, his wife was suffering the double agony of severe illness of body, and total prostration of spirits; and thus her recovery was for a long time extremely doubtful. Often when her nurse imagined her in a quiet slumber from which the happiest results might be anticipated, she was secretly giving way to her depressed feelings, and dwelling with bitter tears on the neglect and loneliness, so sad, so heart-sickening in seasons of affliction and trial. When at length the doctor pronounced her convalescent, how little of pleasure did the words convey to her? but yielding to his advice she arose, and suffering her maid to envelope her attenuated form in a morning-wrapper, she took her seat near the window, pretending to be interested in what was passing beneath, while in fact her eyes and thoughts were at variance. Her husband was absent, and would not return for several days: and the remembrance of how little he had seemed to regard her sickness, banished the pleasurable feeling with which she would otherwise anticipate his surprise. When, however, he returned, his joy at finding her able to sit up gave her a brief sensation of happiness, for she well knew it was not feigned; and the feeling greatly accelerated her permanent cure. But all the expostulations of the physician could not induce her to ride out in the invigorating air; she refused to leave the house, and made no effort to overcome the debility occasioned by her long and severe indisposition.

One evening, Ellsworth hastily entered her room and found her reclining in an attitude of profound dejection on a sofa. She had felt unusually languid that day, her nervous system was almost prostrated; and Ellsworth was certainly correct in saying that it was the consequence of the want of fresh air, company, and some excitement. He stepped to the dressing-bureau, and adjusted his glossy hair and whiskers, while Caroline, with all her languor, could not but look admiringly on his noble features and commanding form.

Suddenly Ellsworth turned from the mirror, and drew a chair beside the sofa, and told Caroline that Mrs. Young expected to see her at her ball that night. She only shook her head.

"Come, Caroline, indeed you must not yield to these feelings, you will become gloomy and dispirited, and entirely lose your health."

"I cannot go," she persisted, in a low tone. "And how can you ask me, Grafton—do I look like one to mingle in a festive crowd?" and she glanced at the opposite mirror, and smiled sadly as she saw imaged there her pale cheeks and dim, lustreless eyes.

"You will look different in full dress; besides, this delicate appearance will best become you after your long illness. You must go; see, here is something that will throw a glow around your features," and he opened a handsome filagree case, in the white velvet lining of which, a set of magnificent rubies lay gleaming like drops of light.

"These will look better to-night than pearls or diamonds; come, prepare—I will give you plenty time to make your toilet," and ringing the bell for her maid, he left the house. Caroline looked admiringly on the rich gems. "I am unjust to him," she murmured. "He is thinking of me even while I am accusing him of indifference:" and determined, if possible, to gratify him, she gave the astonished girl orders to prepare her for the ball. Several times was she obliged to rest, while Florine was arranging her magnificent hair, and her fingers trembled with weakness as she arranged the gorgeous bandeau around her head; but something of her olden vanity and love of display was reawakened by the appearance of it, and she persevered. And now a robe of rich chameleon silk falls in graceful folds around her, but her cheek has been growing all the time paler and whiter, and as Florine clasps the bracelet upon the extended arm, the forced strength gives way, and she falls back fainting in her chair. When her husband returned he found her again occupying the sofa, her beautiful dress still shrouding her trembling form, the radiant gems gleaming as if in mockery above her death-like brow. He saw at a glance that she was unequal to the exertions she had used; but, still he would fain persuade her that as she was now dressed, she had better try to descend to the carriage—that the ride would reanimate her, and she should soon return. But she declined, sadly, but firmly; and he left her, telling her that he would bear her regrets to Mrs. Young for her non-attendance at her ball. Poor Caroline! It never occurred to her husband that she would miss his company more than the gay scenes in which he wished her again to bear a conspicuous part: he never dreamed that his remaining at home with her that evening, would, perchance, have a more beneficial effect upon her drooping spirits than the excitement of a public assemblage. Yet, no sooner had he gone than Caroline, gaining strength from the bitterness of her disappointment, snatched off her useless decorations, and called Florine to put them

away; and when this was done, she dismissed the girl, and falling back in the chair, gave vent to her long repressed feelings in a burst of tears, mingled with reproaches on her husband's cruelty, but far more on herself. She imagined him joining with the mirthful crowd, attracting the smiles and admiration of all, while she sat there a poor, neglected thing, on whom he would never bestow a thought, unless he was for a moment reminded of her by the inquiry of some friend respecting her health; "but I deserve it all," was the next thought. "Oh, Claymore, how sadly am I atoning for my fault."

Could the neglected wife, on that sad evening, have looked into the far distant home of Frederic Claymore, into the private parlor which was his favorite room in the winter season, how would the scene that she would there witness have sent a pang of deeper loneliness to her sorrowful heart. A beautiful home-look had that spacious apartment, with its rich draperies of embossed green silk hanging in heavy folds over the large windows; chairs, ottomans, and sofas, with cushions of the same material, giving a rich, but not gaudy, appearance to the room; no large mirrors flashed back the bright light from the glowing coal fire; but the few fine paintings that adorned the wall, the little groups of sculptured marble that filled each recess, and the fragrant flowers in beautiful vases on the mantel, evinced the refinement and good taste that had presided over the arrangement of the room. Silver candlebras, supporting waxen tapers, stood on the centre-table, beside which sat Mr. Claymore, examining, by the soft, yet luminous rays, various letters and papers brought in by the evening mail. Opposite to him sat his wife, blooming and joyous as in her girlhood's day, sometimes listening to her husband with an attention which told how dear to her was every tone of that manly voice, as he read aloud whatever items he thought would interest her; sometimes bending with the smile of maternal love and pride, over the fairy-like little girl that sat on her lap, with the dark, proud eyes of her father, and her mother's glossy, raven hair and beautiful features, as with the sportive gayety of a happy, petted child, she looked at the engravings on the table, which she had seen a thousand times before, but which had always a fresh charm to her dawning mind. How clear and joyous was the burst of silvery laughter that ever and anon parted her rosy lips as mamma pointed some object that had escaped her notice—how often the eyes of the fond father wandered from his reading to dwell on the sunny face of his darling Helen.

"Do you still wish to visit B—— this year, Adrienne?" he suddenly asked, looking up from the letter he held, "if you do we will go at an

CHRISTMAS EVE.



early day, so that I can accept this invitation." And he read aloud the letter, which was from some of his political friends in B——, asking the favor of his presence at an approaching celebration. "If we go at all this winter, my dear, we may as well go now." The beautiful face of Mrs. Claymore was lighted up by a proud smile as she listened to the highly flattering letter, but when he paused awaiting her reply, she hesitated, and looked down, anxiously, on the blooming creature that nestled in her bosom. "I should like very much to go, Frederic; but would it not expose Helen too much at this time? I could not go without her, and the distance is so great."

"True, I did not think of that, we will postpone our visit till the spring. Perhaps, also, Eugene will be here to accompany us;" and Claymore took up his pen to decline the invitation."

"But *you, mon ami*," she said, "why cannot you go?"

"Would you prefer my absence?" he asked, with a pleasant smile.

"Yes, for Helen and I are not selfish, and we would not deprive papa of any pleasure."

"Papa can defer the pleasure; can he not, pet?" said he, as the sweet child leaned over the table to show him one of the pictures which so much interested her. And having duly admired the picture, and given the little pet a slight tap with his pen on her dimpled shoulder, which

caused a fresh burst of childish glee, he resumed his letter.

Often was he interrupted by the coaxing whisper, "do, papa, look at this," or "oh, pa, see here;" as the eager child in the excitement of her pleasure would forget her mother's gentle admonition "not to interrupt papa;" but the father's feelings were not absorbed in the politician's; and the lisping entreaty fell not on an unheeding ear. The requisite attention was cheerfully given; and then he would turn again, with unabated serenity to his writing; his own face illumined by something of the same feelings that marked the sparkling, joyous features of the happy child.

How little thought the gay party, who a few weeks afterward listened to the reading of that letter, which bore testimony in its earnest, eloquent language of the writer's devotion to the principles which they professed, and his sincere participation in their rejoicings—how little they imagined that the letter was indebted for its warm, thrilling eloquence to the quiet, happy feelings with which it was penned. Yet how many, very many, in that gay assemblage might perchance, have taken a needful lesson from the private life of him, whose public services and zeal in the good cause were lauded in complimentary toasts, and aptly pourtrayed in many a beautiful sentence, heard with shouts of applause and enthusiastic admiration.

HOW ANNE DARNED STOCKINGS.

BY FANNY SMITH.

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HOW ANNE DARNED STOCKINGS.

BY FANNY SMITH.

REALLY my friend Anne Woodruff was to be pitied. I called to see her a few months after her marriage, and found her nearly crying over a pair of her husband's stockings, which she was darning.

"Why, Anne," said I, "I thought you were never going to mend a pair of stockings after you were married."

"Isn't it too bad?" replied she, laughingly. "I used to say I would never marry a man without he was rich enough to keep a seamstress for me, to do all my sewing, mending, darning stockings and all, and here I am poking over these things," and she gave them a contemptuous toss.

"But," and she laughed again, "Frank would make me marry him, you know, and I forgot to make an arrangement about a seamstress."

Poor Anne! I believe there never was a woman in the world who did not hate darning thread and needles, but Anne's dislike to the articles nearly amounted to a mania.

Before a girl can scarcely pull a stocking on, she dreads the time when she will have to darn it. Many a Miss in her teens suddenly remembers a lesson which she had forgotten to learn, if a prudent, thrifty mamma suggests that she is old enough now, and has a little spare time, and she ought to darn her own stockings.

In truth, the girl sees that her mother shirks the work if possible; that superannuated grandmamas, and maiden aunts, and poor cousins, take the stocking basket, as naturally as if all the contents were their own; and as they always have the most unpleasant part of the sewing to do, she is sure in her own mind that she shall not like it.

So it had been with Anne. It was even whispered at boarding-school, that she did not always look at her stockings which had come from the wash, before putting them in her trunk; and after she left school, she made a contract with her grandmother, who resided with them, that if the old lady would darn her stockings, she in return would quill her cap borders.

I have known many a woman who would do all the fancy work of the family, hem, stitch, crochet, embroider slippers, suspenders, chair-covers, &c., without a murmur, but I never knew one who did not consider darning stockings an outrage on her genius.

Anne had been married about three years, when I called one day again. Taking up my little name-sake from the floor, I exclaimed,

"Why don't you put short clothes on this child, Anne? She will never learn to walk with a yard of muslin and flannel under her feet."

A strange expression passed over my friend's laughing face. For a moment it puzzled me. Then I said,

"My gracious, Anne, you don't keep long clothes and socks on the child for fear of having its stockings to mend?"

"Something like it, to be sure."

"Why, you unnatural mother! it will outgrow its stockings for the next two years, before it will outwear them."

But as time passed on, and Anne's family increased, her cares increased with it.

The huge family patch basket was appalling. The poor soul thought the labors of Hercules trifling compared with her own.

"Nothing but patch and darn, and darn and patch," said she to me, one day, when I went in and found her as busy as usual with her basket. Indeed the much-talked-of and much-written-of horrors of washing day, were play to her, compared with the troubles of Wednesday, when shutting herself up in the nursery, she denied herself to all visitors, except myself, and sat down with one foot on the rocker of the cradle, and a lap full of stockings which she was to assort.

Well she was to be pitied. One of the children was certain to have the toothache, or a burned finger, or a cold in the head, just as certain as Wednesday came around.

On one of these fatal days, when I happened to be there, I pitied her terribly. The whole brood of little ones was at home. Some of the children in the school had the measles, and she thought it wiser not to let her own go.

Another baby in long clothes and socks, had just been bathed and rocked to sleep. The weather was too cold for the children to be out of doors; so after repeated commands to them to keep quiet, Anne took up the dreaded stocking basket.

First, out came a pair of her own hose. A sigh of relief escaped her, as she run her hand in and found no rent; and then they were rolled up and placed away. A second pair passed under

a like review, but only a thread had given way, and that was soon repaired.

Mr. Woodruff's stockings came next. Anne directed a glance of despair at me.

"What queer kind of feet he must have," said she, petulently, "here are two pair of new stockings without a darn in them, and now look at this!—look what immense holes in the toes!"

"They are too short, I suspect, Anne," replied I.

"Well, I'll take care to get them long enough the next time. I shall mend them this once, and if they break so again, I will throw them aside and buy new ones. Stockings are cheap enough, dear only knows, without slaving one's life out in mending them."

I was dressing a doll for my little name-sake, and again Anne darning proceeded quietly for a while.

But presently I heard her exclaim,

"Jenny, for mercy's sake give me those scissors."

And I looked up to see Miss Jenny sitting on the floor, screwing her little face around with every turn of the scissors, cutting out paper babies, and Lilliputian frocks and aprons.

After a few moments silence, interrupted only by the creaking of the cradle, I heard Anne say again,

"Tom! do look now, what you are doing. I declare, making the hole in that stocking twice as large as it was by putting your marbles through it"—and there was Master Tom, holding one of

the unmended stockings up at full length, dropping marbles through one by one, studying the laws of gravitation.

Little Carry, who seemed to have none of her mother's dislike for stocking mending, was as busy as a bee sewing all the tops together, and darning the toes fast to the middle of the legs.

"Carry, do hand me the darning cotton—how you plague me; and goodness gracious! see what the child has done. It will take half an hour to rip all that out."

But Carry looked up wonderingly at her mother, for she was fully convinced that her work was admirable, and said,

"Indeed, mamma, I haven't got the cotton."
"Why, where can it be then?"

But happening to look on the lounge, she saw George drawing out strand after strand, tyeing the ends together, and as busy in weaving cat cradles with it, as his sister had been in darning.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the nearly distracted mother, "what grand times Eve must have had with no stockings to mend; I declare I almost wish I was a Hottentot."

A few months ago, Anne came to me to know if I could find her a good seamstress.

"Thank fortune" said she, "Frank's business is very prosperous, and I feel as if I could keep a girl to do my sewing without being too extravagant. Only think, Carry! no more stockings to darn! can you believe it?"

Since that time Anne Woodruff has been a perfectly happy wife and mother.

ELLEN LINDSAY.

BY A LADY OF KENTUCKY.

It was a bright morn in May, when the bending bough and springing verdure were glittering with the sparkling dew drops, and the merry songsters were carolling thanks to the Dispenser of all good, when Ellen Lindsay, a fair-haired girl of seventeen, stepped from the portico of a New England cottage with a sad and anxious expression of face, for she had promised George Raymond that this morning he might ask her hand of her father.

But she had heard her father on the evening previous say to an old acquaintance, who had dropped in socially to tea, that he deeply sympathized with his friend, William Raymond, for he thought his only child George would prove a curse to his parents, and wring from their dim and aged eyes the tears of anguish.

Oh! how those words penetrated the very soul of Ellen. She looked upon her father as a model of all that was good. Having been left motherless at a tender age, he had well supplied the place of both parents. He had cheerfully given up all society, save the family of his friend William Raymond, that he might unremittingly devote himself to the moral and intellectual education of his daughter, who was to him the polar star of his existence. To hear that father speak in such terms of George, her playmate in childhood, her guide in her girlish strolls when looking for the first sweet flowers of spring; who had taught her to know the note of each bird, whose clear, ringing voice was music to the ear, and to whom she had but yesterday plighted her troth, was anguish deep and bitter. Why Mr. Lindsay entertained so harsh an opinion of young Raymond, it is necessary, reader, that you should review the last four years of that young man's life. He had just returned from college, where he had remained four years, and graduated with difficulty, not that he wanted intelligence, for each feature and expression bore the stamp of intellect. But he had madly yielded to dissipation, he had gambled deep.

Ellen had known nought of this. Although his father frequently had spoken to Mr. Lindsay of his fears and apprehensions for his son. Yet she had listened to that being, who of all others will cling latest to the last remnant of hope, his mother, who still seemed confident that all would be well, for had she not watched over him in his youth, and she knew there were manly and noble

qualities deeply implanted within the bosom of her son.

It would be only to mention some generous sentiment or act she would speak of him to Ellen. When he left for college at sixteen, he had only said to her you will not forget me, will you? And she, with the innocence of thirteen, replied, "no, George, I will think of you every day, and pray for you at night."

How frequently in his night revels at college had the thought crossed his half inebriated brain, that even then her prayers for him might be ascending to the most high. His better feelings would rush upon him; and resolves, alas! only to be broken were made that henceforth he would struggle to be worthy of her. And even now, after four years dissipation, there was still a green spot in his heart, around which might yet cluster and grow all the noble qualities that belong to that being who is created in the image of his Maker.

The morning after his arrival he hastened to see his acquaintances, Mr. Lindsay and his daughter. Ellen had seen him coming, she advanced readily to meet him with a cordial greeting, but with the effort there was the embarrassment of the woman that loves, she could not meet him as in days of yore. She had dwelt upon his memory till the fondness of childhood had assumed a deeper and more lasting form. When George took the hand that was extended in greeting, he felt let others think of me as they will, I am the same to her: she, like my mother, will think kindly of my faults. This pleasant reflection was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Lindsay, in whose face could be traced the feeling of disapprobation, and who seemed to lay some stress upon his congratulations on his return to his parental roof. There certainly was constraint in his manner foreign to his custom. Ellen observed it, but being ignorant of all cause for such reserve, she was inclined to think it accidental; but she perceived first a blush and then a sad smile flit over the countenance of Raymond.

He remained with them about an hour, then rising to leave he crossed the room to where Ellen was sitting, and asked if she would be ready to renew some of their old strolls if he called in the evening, to which she assented. During the day Mr. Lindsay thought he would tell his daughter why he would wish her to shun

the society of her old playmate, but she seemed so happy and cheerful that he felt a disinclination to mar her enjoyment for the day, and satisfied himself by saying to-morrow will do as well.

At length evening came, and with it Raymond. Ellen, with bonnet in hand, was ready, they started, both were happy in relating little incidents of the past. Each spot seemed to be the register of some sport in youth. They wandered on, till coming to the shade of an elm that appeared to be the patriarch of the forest. They stopped and were silent. At length George turned to the fair being by his side, and said,

"Ellen, do you remember the pledge you gave me on your tenth birth day under this tree—we were playing, and you remarked you did not know what you would do should I ever leave you? I laughed and told you, you must be my wife: and did you not promise it? And now, Ellen, in riper years, in the same place, do I ask you to be mine. Be the good angel that will lead me on to honor and renown. You little know how I need your guileless innocence, your firm and holy belief in the justice and mercy of heaven. You know not the strong temptations that assail youth on entering the busy, calculating world. But with you by my side I feel as though I could pass through any ordeal. Answer me, Ellen, will you be my bride?"

She raised her eyes to his full of the deep feeling that was overflowing her heart, and said,

"I have always loved you, George, and will be to you all you ask. I make but one condition, and that is we have my father's consent. Never will I wed without that."

"Well, Ellen, I will have that consent to-morrow, or be rejected, for I cannot bear suspense." She was glad such was his determination, for she wished her father to know all. Neither did she fear the result.

They returned home. He parted from her at the door. She was directly called to officiate at the tea-board, for her father and his neighbor. Then it was she first listened to the recital of the faults and crimes of him she had promised to love.

Although sorrow in her sojourn upon earth had passed lightly by the happy Ellen. Yet in this her first visit, however unaccustomed it found her to disappointment, she had too much womanly instinct to let it be seen how harrowing to her feelings had been her father's words.

That night sleep forsook her pillow. She rose in the morning with the intention of dissuading Raymond from mentioning their engagement to her father. It was accordingly to meet him we have seen her stepping from the portico. What a contrast between that fair girl's anxious heart, and radiant nature clothed in her robe of smiles!

Ellen advanced to an Otahirte bush to cull some of its crimson blooms studded with the morning diamonds, then walked down the avenue till she came within view of the gate, and there saw Raymond standing apparently in deep thought. She had nearly reached him when he turned and saw her. "Why are you abroad so early, Ellen?" he said. "I thought it was too soon to partake of your hospitable board, and concluded to remain for a while at the old gate, with which is connected many agreeable recollections of the past."

"George, speak not of the past, it unnerves me for the execution of my resolve. I have sought you to prevent your seeing my father, and to say perhaps it would be well if you would not mention our yesterday's conversation."

He took her hand. "Ellen, why this change? have you too learned to look harshly upon my faults? Has one night so turned the current of your feelings? I can bear all but this. Tell me, can it be?"

"Last night, George, for the first time I heard a true account of the manner in which your last years have been spent: but you little know the heart of woman if you suppose she can withdraw her love for the first wrongs. No, she loves on hoping all things. And to me, Raymond,

"There is not a breeze but whispers of thy name; There is not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon, But in its fragrance tells a tale of thee."

"Then my own one, with that sweet confession ringing through my brain, and almost intoxicated by the draught you have just administered, I feel nervous for all opposition, dearest: remain till I come." Without a moment's hesitation, with firmness evinced even in his step, he walked to the cottage, called for Mr. Lindsay. He was ushered into the little library, where the old man was reading the word of God. He kindly took Raymond by the hand, and motioned him to be seated.

"A beautiful morning, George."

"Yes, sir, and my heart too is happy, for Ellen has promised to be my bride if you consent." To his infinite surprise a tear gathered in the old man's eye, when he said,

"It cannot be, George. It is with deep regret I pronounce the words, for I would not for all I possess have found it my duty to cross my child in this. But it cannot be."

Raymond, with his whole frame trembling, untouched by anger, for he could only feel reverence for the father who was anxious to guard his child from grief, replied, "why do you so firmly and fully deny me?"

"Review your life, George, for a few years, and see if you can wonder at my denial. It is with pain I recall to you your years of dissipation, for

I have loved you almost as a child. Nay, more, often have I watched you and Ellen when children playing around me, and thought with pleasure upon the possibility of one day claiming you for the son of my old age, the husband of my daughter, but that dream you have dispelled."

"Say not dispelled, recall that word, grant my prayer, give me Ellen, I can, I will be worthy of her."

"No, Raymond, I cannot trust her happiness to the frail promise of reform." Saying this, he rose and left the room.

Who can describe the feelings of George? He knew there was none to blame for this blow but himself. He hurried out to Ellen, who was again waiting the result. She saw it all from his manner, for his was not the disposition that can conceal the emotions.

George, my father, as I feared, has refused."

"Yes, dearest, I am not deemed worthy the guardianship of so fair a flower. I cannot reproach Mr. Lindsay for his rejection of my suit. I have been madly wild, and I should have told you before I won from you the sweet promise to be mine, but I could not nerve myself to risk a refusal from thee. But you shall not be fettered by that pledge. One request will I prefer, one boon will I ask, and then will bid adieu to these familiar scenes, and not return till I have wiped out the errors of the past. The request is this, you will not wed another for three years; and the boon I ask is your miniature, the promise shall urge me on to honor; thy miniature shall sanctify my pleasures. Will you grant them, Ellen?"

"All, all will I grant, nay, even more, though I hold no sacrifice too great to make for my father, yet never will I wed another. But when will you go?"

"I will sail on the Essex, which is soon to start for the Mediterranean to punish the piratical Turks; and remember, Ellen, you shall hear from me in the front of the battle, and your image shall be the talisman that will guard me in the hour of danger. And now, farewell."

And thus they parted for years to come. He took his way home, and disclosed to his parents his intention to volunteer his services to his country. He met with strong opposition at first, but his father, an old revolutionary soldier, could not long withstand the patriotic pictures drawn by his son.

Was it not the promise of future greatness that America, then the youngest nation on the globe, with her navy but in its infancy, should refuse to pay tribute, when even proud England was numbered among the nations that were content to buy of the Barbary States ingress to Southern Europe.

Young Raymond, having overcome the objections of his parents, forthwith took his departure to join the crew of the Essex.

It becomes necessary there should be something in particular said, of the nature of the naval expedition of 1803. In 1800 the American ship George Washington while before Tripoli, had been forced by her situation into carrying presents from the Dey of Tripoli to the Ottoman Porte. There were some threats made by the Dey on that occasion that our Congress and executive could ill brook, consequently there was a squadron sent to the Mediterranean, under Commodore Dale, which served to convoy and protect our commerce, and blockade the Straits of Gibraltar against the Tripolitan cruisers. Some prizes were taken but not retained; at the expiration of the year Dale returned home, leaving two of his vessels for convoys. The Tripolitan war may be said to have lasted five years, from 1800 to 1805, yet no severe or hazardous engagement took place until after the fall of 1803, when the command was transferred to Commodore Preble.

We will now follow one commander in particular, who was in Preble's squadron, and whose very name sends a thrill of pride through every true American—that name is Decatur. It was with him as a friend George Raymond had sailed in the Essex, which reached the Mediterranean in November, 1803, where it met the Enterprize, commanded by Hull; according to arrangements Decatur was transferred to the Enterprize.

Not long after Preble reached his station, he ascertained the loss he had sustained in the stranding and capturing of the Philadelphia and her officers, among whom were men that ill could be spared at such a time.

Then it was Decatur promised to achieve the daring act that will ever be looked upon as a deed to immortalize. It was just of a nature to suit his ardent temperament.

When he mustered the roll of his ship, and proclaimed to his men he was going to destroy that American vessel, whose appearance in the enemy's harbor seemed to throw a shade upon our little navy. He now asked who would follow. At the tap of the drum every man and youth in the vessel pressed forward to offer their services to their respected commander. But all could not go. He selected a sufficient number of those most competent to the duty, among them was Raymond burning to achieve something worthy of his country and his love.

On the night of the fifteenth of February, 1804, the Intrepid, a captured ketch, commenced her perilous entrance into the bay of Tripoli. Decatur's directions to his followers were to entirely conceal themselves with the exception of some ten or twelve, a number that would excite no

alarm, while with Raymond at his side stood by the pilot to give necessary orders.

When within hailing distance the Turks from the Philadelphia hailed, they were answered the Intrepid was a Maltese trader, and the captain wished to ride by the frigate for the night. The Intrepid had nearly reached the desired spot, when a puff of wind struck her and wafted her directly under the broadside of the Philadelphia, where for some moments she lay becalmed.

That was a moment to try nerve and soul, but not one move or accent betrayed the throbbing of every heart; even in that critical moment perfect discipline was not forgot, and that night discipline wrought much.

In a short time, they were towed by ropes to the right position. Just as they were ready to board the frigate, the Turks perceived their grapping irons; and the cry of Americans rung from every point. Delay was now death to Decatur and his men. Without a moment's hesitation, each man was at the post assigned him, with his weapon in one hand, and combustibles in the other.

The Turks were now fast disappearing over the sides of the vessel. One Musselman alone, a fine athletic-looking man, strained every nerve to drive back the brave few; he soon saw the effort would be vain; then singling out Decatur, he rushed upon him with his scimitar raised to smote, if possible, the leader of the band; but just as it was descending upon the captain's head, Raymond sprang forward and threw his arm before the uplifted weapon, which saved Decatur, but left a horrid cut on Raymond's arm. The Turk, failing in this attempt, felt it to be folly to make another, springing to the side of the ship he plunged into the water shouting back, "Americans, I will meet thee again."

Decatur seized the hand of Raymond with a grateful emotion, but said not a word, for this was not a time for further expressions of gratitude, there were too many lives dependent upon the rapid accomplishment of his undertaking. Now having filled the Philadelphia of her captors, the burning of the noble ship they could not rescue was briskly commenced. And now to escape the flames, they sprang into the Intrepid, where, amidst the showering balls that fell from near a thousand pieces of artillery, night being their shield. The heretofore silent crew arose as with one impulse, and gave three cheers to victory and their country.

Safely they reached the outlet of the bay, where anxious friends were on the look out for their companions who performed the daring deed. With bright and exulting hearts they made sail to join Commodore Preble, and inform him of the success of their attempt. The officers of the

squadron hastened to congratulate Decatur and his valiant band. When the Intrepid left for the burning of the frigate, there were but few of the seamen of the other vessels that ever expected to behold again one of the actors of this enterprise. There was the sound of rejoicing heard from every vessel before Tripoli and the Mediterranean, more than three thousand miles from our shores, was made the scene of an American illumination. An express was sent to Congress, and that body passed a vote of thanks to Decatur and his men, particularizing the commander and Raymond, who had not only performed well his part, but had saved the life of his officer. The wound Raymond had received, though not dangerous, was yet exceedingly painful, it threw him into fever which confined him to his bed. Then Decatur evinced his gratitude to him by remaining with and tending him every hour he could snatch from the imperative duties of his command.

One evening, while enjoying a refreshing slumber, Raymond uttered some expressions of love and disappointment, which aroused a wish in Decatur to hear all, with a desire and hope that he might effect something for his friend in this matter. When Raymond woke, Decatur remarked, "George, tell me what it is that weighs so heavily upon your spirits; your physician says there is more than this wound exciting your system, and causing fever, perhaps I can assist you; I entreat you make no reservation, for to me you shall ever be as a brother, and gladly would I, as far as is in my power, serve you."

Raymond replied, "I am thankful for and appreciate your kind offer, but I cannot bare the secrets of my heart to any one. Suffice it to say, I have, through my own conduct dispelled a sweet dream of happiness. I will not speak of the circumstances, nor will I mention the name of that being who is purity itself. There is one kindness I will ask of you, it is this. Should death, through any untoward circumstance overtake me, you will find around my neck the miniature of her I love, and in my writing-desk you will see papers and letters with directions that will give you all necessary information."

The subject was then dropped, and they conversed upon the situation of our blockading force. Decatur mentioned the attack meditated by Commodore Preble upon the enemy's boats and galleys that had come outside of the rocks of the harbor. Raymond asked eagerly when it was thought the attack would be made, and was answered, they were only waiting the return of a frigate that had been despatched toward Gibraltar, which could not be longer than a week or ten days at furthest. When Raymond heard this, he was resolved, if possible, to banish the

thoughts of Ellen, which kept him feverish, and and try to rouse himself for action. Accordingly next morning, with the assistance of his friends, he was enabled to reach the deck and inhale the pure air, so refreshing to the invalid, and particularly so in "the land of the cypress and myrtle." How beautiful seemed all to the eyes of Raymond, he listened to the low murmuring of the sea, and the soft sighing breezes as they gently swelled the sails.

"'Twas musical but sadly sweet.'
Such as when the winds and harp strings meet."

It was a proud sight to see the stars and stripes of our brave, free and happy land fluttering nobly to the winds. Manned by gallant officers and hardy tars, who were destined to make old England, the mistress of the ocean, haul down her colors when she came in conflict with men who knew no sovereign but their Maker, no title but defender of their country, and their country's honor.

"Glory like the eagle builds among the stars."

In a few days, Raymond felt almost restored, and was resolved to accompany his commander in the proposed attack upon the enemy.

In a short time all was ready for the engagement. The Constitution, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Preble, accompanied with the other vessels forming the squadron, bore down within reach of the long guns. Then was sent out two divisions of gun boats, three in each division—one was commanded by Decatur, the other by the lamented Somers. It were vain to attempt to describe the wonders performed by our men. They had attacked the enemy in a manner the Turks believed themselves invincible where strength of arm was the weapon. Notwithstanding our men were greatly outnumbered, the bold and daring Americans came off conquerors, capturing many of the Tripolitan vessels. It was in this engagement Decatur was severely wounded; again had he been singled out by the captain of the Turkish boat, who was strong and grappled with the strength of the tiger. It was a terrible moment to Decatur's men, they could not relieve him, for each one had foes to face and contend with. In his extreme peril, Decatur, with singular dexterity and presence of mind, extricated one arm from the grasp of his powerful antagonist, drew a pistol from his belt, and shot him through the body. The Turk gave one expiring gasp, and sunk dead upon the deck of his vessel. His fall seemed to be the signal for his men to desist, all further attempt at resistance were relinquished; he plunged overboard and swam to the next boat. Raymond rushed to Decatur, eager to render him any assistance. He found him badly wounded, yet bravely bear-

ing up, giving his men all necessary directions. He felt not his wound, for amidst the conflict around, he had witnessed the fall of his Brother James Decatur, and his grief for him had swallowed up any sensations of pain from his wound.

Soon after this successful undertaking, it was resolved in a council of officers, an attempt should be made to destroy by fire the entire naval armament of Tripoli.

The fatal and sad result of this expedition will forever remain wrapt in mystery; we only know the noble Somers and his men returned no more. Shortly after this, Commodore Barrow succeeded Preble in the command of the squadron. The seige was still continued by sea, and occasionally a land attack was made. In September, 1805, Commodore Rogers having succeeded to the command, concluded peace with the Dey of Tripoli, and Decatur was despatched to Washington City, to inform the administration of the termination of hostilities. His countrymen everywhere received him with demonstrations of gratitude and love, and felt

"He was skilled alike to conquer and to please."

Most eagerly had Ellen Lindsay read and listened to the tidings that reached our shores from the far-off squadron of our infant navy, where the heroism and valor of the immortal Decatur was attracting even the admiration of the man who held the destinies of Europe in his mighty grasp. A few days after, Congress had passed resolutions, lauding the daring and successful achievement of Decatur, and also making honorable mention of Raymond for the personal risk and suffering he had incurred to preserve the life of his noble officer. Ellen received a paper from the hands of her father containing these resolutions, saying, at the same time, "perhaps, all may yet be as you wish. Heaven grant it, my child, for I feel the infirmities of age creeping upon me, and my head is already showing the frosts of many winters, and thankfully would I see my Ellen happy." The bewildered Ellen hardly understood his allusions, for he had never mentioned the subject of her engagement since the sad morning of Raymond's departure. Tremblingly she sought the silence of her chamber, and then with a feeling of exultation, read the flattering account of him she loved. With a heart full of freshness and sincerity, joined with the buoyancy of youth, she looked alone upon the bright side, feeling assured her love and judgment had not been misplaced. Another reason for her assurance of hope was from his letters to his mother, who had read them to Ellen, and in all he had expressed a high determination to conquer the evils of his life, and

return worthy the blessing of his mother, and the love of Ellen.

Months had now passed since Ellen knew her father would listen favorably to the suit of Raymond; and she was again the light-hearted girl of sixteen, her cheek was fresh with the tint of health, and her step had regained the elasticity of former days, for although she had tried to rally her drooping spirits after George had taken leave of her, and did calmly and cheerfully perform all the duties of a child, yet with anxiety had her father watched the gradual change in his daughter. We will now leave Ellen for a while, and follow the footsteps of her lover as he traces his way home.

Raymond had returned with Decatur to the United States, who was very desirous he should proceed with him to Washington, that he might present him to the President, with recommendations for further advancement, but Raymond had but one thought, which was to visit his home where were clustered the beings he best loved.

It was a charming evening, the gorgeous sunset was throwing a thousand gilded lines and tints upon the light clouds, and everything seemed brightly to welcome the wanderer home. He was just rising the little eminence in front of his father's cottage. He felt happy, all his sad forebodings had given place to a hope springing

from a consciousness of his reformation and worth.

He now urged on his steed at a more rapid pace, having seen his aged mother advance to the door, looking earnestly, as though her fond eyes had already discovered who he was. In a few moments, he had received the embraces of his parents, it was a joy unruffled by one anxious thought. And now, kind reader, having followed me thus far, I pray you proceed with me again to the vine clad cottage of Mr. Lindsay. The old gentleman and Ellen had just risen from their evening repast, and were sitting in the portico admiring the beauty of the night. The moon was shedding a flood of silvery light.

Soon their reverie was interrupted by approaching footsteps. Why did Ellen's heart beat with a secret presentiment of coming joy? She had no reason to expect him she loved. Gentle reader it was Raymond, and their meeting was far different from their parting, everything now smiled propitiously upon their fond hopes.

In a few weeks Raymond led Ellen to the altar. Among the guests upon that occasion was Decatur, who had not been regardless of the merits of his friend, and immediately after the performance of the ceremony, he placed in the hands of Raymond a commission from the President, appointing him to a lucrative post.

ALICE VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 219.

It was a brilliant party, and crowds of lovely women were present, yet Isabel Vernon shone the most imperial beauty there.

Suddenly, while she was talking animatedly to a group of gentlemen, Mountjoy stood before her. Practised as she was in the ways of society, she could not prevent a blush flashing over her face, for his presence at the entertainment was entirely unexpected to her, it having been told her by the hostest that he was absent in a distant city.

"I thought you were away," she stammered, at last, speaking in order to hide her confusion. "Mrs. Howe will regard this as an unexpected pleasure. Only half an hour ago she was deplored to me your absence."

Much to Isabel's astonishment, Mountjoy, instead of passing on, after a few casual remarks, as usual with him, lingered by her side. Her heart began to beat fast. What could it mean? Had he, at last, begun to love her?

Gradually the other gentlemen dropped off, one by one, and Mountjoy, finding himself alone with Isabel, proposed a tour through the rooms. The lady assented with secret joy. Her face was so radiant with happiness, as she hung upon the arm of her companion, that more than one looker on came to the conclusion that Mountjoy had offered her his hand.

After a while Mountjoy turned aside into the conservatory. Isabel, at this, began to tremble with assured happiness, for though no word of love had been uttered by her companion, she felt convinced that he could only thus seek a *tete-à-tete* for one purpose.

The first words of Mountjoy assisted to confirm her delusion.

"I am about to take a great liberty, Miss Vernon," he said, and then paused in some embarrassment.

Isabel plucked a flower, and began to pull it to pieces.

"A liberty," she said, in a low tone, like that of a girl of sixteen who hears the voice of admiration for the first time, "oh! Mr. Mountjoy, you know you may always speak frankly to me."

Her companion paused a moment and then went on.

"I have been in — lately," he said, "and

seen there what I think you ought to know." For Mountjoy sincerely believed that Isabel was ignorant of her sister's destitution. "I met there an old classmate, whom I was shocked to find in a most reduced condition——"

Isabel, at the mention of her native city, had become very pale, but these words appeared to afford her relief, and looking up with a bright smile, she interrupted him,

"And you wish to interest me in assisting him?" she said. "You ought to know, Mr. Mountjoy, that my poor purse is always open to deserving persons, especially when recommended by a friend."

"He is, indeed, a most deserving object of sympathy," resumed her companion, animatedly, for, notwithstanding his belief in Isabel's ignorance of her sister's poverty, a vague fear had embarrassed him, as we have seen, in introducing the subject. "A man of more genius, in the true sense of the word, I never knew. But, like too many men of genius, he has little practical knowledge of life, and perhaps even less tact, so that, with every other element of success, he has hitherto failed to earn even a subsistence. I promised to get him some temporary employment, but, I take shame to say, forgot my promise in the hurry of departure. However I wrote, by the return mail."

"Has he a family?"

"That is the hardest feature of the case. He is married. A wife, and two little ones, depend on him for bread."

"You interest me profoundly. What can I do? Say, my friend, and it shall be done."

And Isabel, as she spoke, laid her other hand also on Mountjoy's arm, and looked up into his face with eyes full of pity.

"Your own heart will tell you, Miss Isabel," said her companion, "for it is of your brother-in-law I speak. By what means you and your sister have become so estranged I do not know, and it would be presumptuous in me, a stranger, to inquire; but it has led to your not being aware of the terrible destitution of Mr. Randolph and his family. Your sisterly heart, I repeat, will best dictate what to be done——"

But, at this point, the speaker suddenly

stopped. The countenance of Isat^el, which had been turned away from him, after his first words, now again faced him: and its expression checked him instantly.

The reader, possessing the clue to Isabel's heart, can understand that look better than Mountjoy, who, as yet, was ignorant, to a great degree, of the secrets of that dark, passionate, haughty soul.

Imagine the whole truth. She had entered the conservatory, believing that her companion was about to offer her his hand, at last; and she had persuaded herself, when he began to talk of his classmate, that he first desired to test her generosity. But now on finding that he did not contemplate any such offer, and that he came only as a suitor for the hated Randolphs, what wonder that disappointment, mortified pride, anger and revenge alternately lashed her soul, and darkened her face.

So utterly was she a victim to these unholy passions that her self-control, which rarely before had deserted her, now abandoned her. She struggled, for a time, with averted face, to conceal the hurricane in her bosom; but the attempt was useless; and finally she turned on Mountjoy with the look of an enraged tigress.

For, like most persons detected in wrong, she fancied that her companion knew more than he did; and that he had sought her out, and introduced this subject only to taunt her.

"Sir," she said, rising to her full height, her eyes flashing fire, her lips white with passion, "have you brought me here only to insult me? Were I a man you would not dared it."

She said no more, but swept from the conservatory, leaving Mountjoy amazed and speechless. Ignorant of her antecedents, he could not comprehend this whirlwind of emotion; but he saw that, for some reason, Isabel hated her sister with mortal hatred.

"I have heard," he said, mentally, as he followed her finally to the crowded rooms, "that she induced her father to disinherit her sister, and I begin now to believe it, for she looked like a demon. Could she have loved Randolph? What a gulf of rage and hate must that heart of hers be! She makes me shudder. There is a mystery here that I cannot comprehend."

When Mountjoy re-entered the ball-room, he saw Isabel, every trace of her late emotion lost, standing up in a quadrille and gaily conversing with her partner.

Her wonderful self command astonished Mountjoy. "What a woman," he continued, mentally. "Who shall read the depths of her heart?"

During the remainder of the evening, Isabel was the gayest of the gay. No one could have suspected, from her manner, the scene in the

conservatory. Mountjoy could not, however, imitate her self-collectedness. He felt, as she crossed and recrossed his path, as if some evil spirit, in the guise of a woman, was present. Her unrelenting hatred to her sister had transformed her, in his eyes, so that she seemed no longer beautiful; but, even amid her smiles, she appeared to his excited imagination, like Lady Macbeth after the murder of Duncan.

At last, unable to endure the spectacle of that face, thus continually recurring in that gay throng, like a death's head amid flowers, he left the ball and sought his own apartments.

But the self command, which Isabel had maintained, deserted her as soon as she found herself alone. No sooner had she reached her own apartment, on her return from the ball, than she dismissed her maid servant for the night. And now the emotions, pent up for so many hours, found vent at last. Again a tempest of shame, rage and hatred swept her soul. Again her face darkened with evil passions until she looked like some fiend given over to undying evil. Her excitement was the greater from the restraint she had been compelled to place upon herself. Up and down the room, like an angry lioness in her den, she walked, now clenching her hand, now knitting her brow, now muttering imprecations on Randolph, Mountjoy and even Alice.

"Am I to be baffled forever by him?" she cried, alluding to Randolph. "His story pursues me, as if in vengeance, and disgraces me even here, ay! here in the presence of Mountjoy himself. I see that I am despised by the latter. Well, at any rate, I have my revenge," and she smiled bitterly. "They are starving—starving—starving!" And repeating the word, with savage exultation, she burst finally into a wild laugh.

Oh! could the mother that bore her, and who had died when Isabel was an innocent girl, have seen her daughter now, how she would have shuddered at the change. Yet this terrible transformation had been the result of but one false step in the beginning. On that fatal morning, when Alice had first revealed her happy love, if Isabel had only banished envy and hatred from her heart, all would have been well. But she listened to the Tempter. And now, notwithstanding her wealth, she was not happy. The retribution of Eternity had begun already; and her own bosom was the Gehenna.

At last, exhausted by her emotions, and warned, by her trembling limbs and palpitating heart, that nature could be exhausted in the strife of passions, she sat down. She felt a strange sensation, which she could not explain. But, instead of passing off, as she expected, it increased in violence, and, before she could persuade herself to summon assistance, she lost consciousness.

The next morning, as usual, her maid entered to call her. What was the girl's astonishment to find her mistress sitting in a faint, with her head slightly fallen to one side. The servant touched her to rouse her, but started, with a scream, from the icy contact. Life was utterly extinct. The brows were knitted, and the hands clenched, as if she had died in a spasm of rage and hatred.

The screams of the maid brought the whole household to the apartment. A physician was sent for immediately, though he could be of no service, except to tell of what Isabel had died. He was not long in arriving at a conclusion.

"It was a disease of the heart, no doubt organic," was his decision. "Life is not secure, for a moment, when that is the case. Nor can death usually be foreseen in this disorder. A person may be talking to you, apparently in full health, one moment; and the next, may fall a corpse to the ground."

The news of this tragical occurrence soon spread throughout the town. Mountjoy was one of the first to hear it. With others, he little imagined the real cause of Isabel's death. So completely had she deceived him, that he had no idea of the tempest of emotion which had brought on her end: and, indeed, as we have seen, he knew nothing of the cause of that emotion.

"She has gone to the last Judge of all," he said, when the first stunning effect of the news was over. "Pray God, in his infinite mercy, deal gently with her soul."

Musing a while, he exclaimed, suddenly starting up,

"But I had forgot. I must leave town immediately. The decease of Miss Vernon makes her sister sole heir to all her wealth: and what a blessing that will be!"

We must now return to Randolph, whom we left staggering home, after having burst a blood-vessel.

Alice and Lily were anxiously watching for him, so that, as soon as he appeared, the latter had opened the door. At the first sight of his face the wife saw what had occurred. A shriek rose to her lips, but was suppressed immediately, and darting forward, she threw her arms around Randolph, and drew him in.

His eyes thanked her, and he would have spoken, but she put her finger up.

"Not a word, dearest," she said, breathlessly, but with heroic courage and composure. "Your life may depend on it. Lily, Lily, do you think you could find a doctor?" she said, eagerly, turning to her daughter. "There is one in the next square."

"I remember, ma. I am sure I can find him." And the child was almost as composed as her

mother, though she well knew that some great peril threatened her father. "Shall I go?"

"Yea, run, darling. I will get your papa to lie down. There, my love," and she turned again to Randolph, as little Lily flew on her errand, "don't, don't speak. I know what you would say, but a doctor you must have, and God will send means to pay him."

The physician for whom Lily went was fortunately a kind-hearted man. He had, moreover, often observed the little girl in the street, before the weather had become so severe, and been struck by her almost angelic beauty. To crown all, he happened to be in. On seeing the breathless child, and learning her errand, he put on his hat immediately, and, as her little feet had only the thinnest of old shoes to protect them from the sleety pavements, he took her in his arms and actually carried her home.

Randolph had just been got to bed, by Alice, when the doctor came in. At a single glance around him the physician understood all, for experience had made him more or less familiar with such scenes: the former opulence of the family, the exhausting career of poverty, and finally the hemorrhage brought on by mental excitement. His first duty, he saw, was to speak cheerfully; for Alice, in spite of her efforts, could not keep down her tears: so, after he had heard her story, he said,

"Ah! only this. You don't know how glad I am to find things no worse. Your little daughter quite frightened me," and he turned, smiling, to Alice, "but all you unprofessional people get easily alarmed at sight of blood. With a little care we shall bring your husband round."

Thus speaking, he set to work, and, under his skilful management, the bleeding, which had already been partially checked, was stopped entirely. When satisfied that there was no immediate danger of a return of the hemorrhage, he said,

"Now, madam, if you will keep your husband in that position, and not allow him to move, nor even talk, until I remove the prohibition, I think I can promise a speedy recovery. His case is more alarming in appearance than in reality. Meantime," he added, with delicate tact, for he had noticed that his patient had no bed under him, and knew from this circumstance how destitute the family must be, "as you cannot leave Mr. Randolph, I will take the liberty of sending in what might be wanted for him."

Alice made no answer in words, but her eyes were eloquent with thanks. There was no false pride left now, for her husband's life, she was aware, trembled in the balance. The physician, without waiting for her gratitude to find language, smiled and hurried from the room.

"How little," he soliloquized, "one knows of his nearest neighbors. Here have I, for months, known that this family lived but half a square from me, yet never imagined to what straits of poverty they were reduced. A man, evidently born to affluence, lying on a bolster, because there is only that left to place between him and the slats of the bedstead: and the room almost icy cold, clearly because a fire cannot be afforded. Alas! what shall I say of myself, and others who have a sufficiency, when such extremities of misery can exist, yet we know nothing of it! Ah! if we, the rich, did our duty; if we sought out those in distress, as we should, there would be none of this."

That afternoon, a cart drew up at the door of the Randolphs, and one comfort after another was handed from it, beginning with an adequate supply of coal, until even Alice almost felt ashamed to be under such obligations to a stranger; for though the carman refused to tell who had sent him, she felt convinced it must have been the physician, whose kind face had haunted her ever since his visit. But when the doctor appeared, his well-acted start of surprise, though it did not deceive her, taught her that their benefactor expected her to say nothing. She did not thank the physician, therefore; but she silently prayed for the blessing of heaven on him: the words of the Saviour coming forcibly up to her memory, "inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

The doctor, on this occasion, had no need to speak more encouragingly than he felt, for Randolph was perceptibly in a fair way to recover, if no accident occurred.

"Let me congratulate you," said the doctor, addressing Alice, but looking at the invalid, for whom his words were intended as much as the wife. "Your husband has improved astonishingly. Only keep him quiet, and think of nothing, either of you, but getting him well." And turning to Lily, he patted her on the cheek, he said pleasantly, "you must see, my dear, that mamma doesn't go out, at all, not even for a minute. You'll not let her do it, I know."

His kind tone and winning smile brought an answering smile to Lily's face; and looking at her mother, who smiled too, she said, archly,

"I'll watch her, sir. Oh! she shan't leave pa a moment. Whatever's to be done, I'll do, for I'm quite a large girl now. Ain't I?"

"That you are," answered the doctor, lifting her up and kissing her; and, addressing her mother, he added, with a sigh. "Ah! Mrs. Randolph, what would I not give for such a treasure as that!"

With these words, he hurriedly departed. As the door closed on him, the eyes of the husband

and wife met. They both recollect, at the same moment, having heard, the preceding summer, that the physician had just lost his only child, a daughter of about the same age as Lily, and they knew all the unutterable woe which was embodied in that sigh and wish. Alice, as she tucked the quilt in afresh, whispered in her husband's ears,

"Ah! George, how thankful we ought to be. Poverty, and even sickness are nothing, nothing to death."

He pressed her hand in assent, for since he had been lying there, new thoughts had entered into his soul. He had been thinking, indeed, on this very subject. Reflecting on the possibility of his own decease, and of the anguish it would cause his wife, for, even with all her womanly self-control, Alice could not prevent the quivering lip and eyes filling unconsciously, he saw, as he had never seen before, that, terrible as destitution was, it was nothing compared to death. "Once restored to health," he soliloquized, "and I can, at least, struggle through my difficulties: but if lost to Alice and Lily, what will not be their grief." He thought, it will be seen, more of them than of himself.

Lying there in silence, and thus meditating, Randolph had approached nearer, in spirit, to his Creator than he had ever done in his whole life. He knew that he was hanging on the verge of the grave; that a feather's weight might precipitate him into eternity; and the consciousness of this made him, as it always does, understand himself thoroughly for the first time. He beheld suddenly revealed the great defect of his character, that want of trust in Providence, which had made him so often despond, and which, like an impassible wall, had kept the sunshine of heaven from his soul.

Already he had become an altered man. Already many a silent prayer had ascended to his Maker for forgiveness, and for aid in the reformation he had secretly vowed, in case he should recover. He shuddered in spirit, indeed, to think of the want of faith, which he had exhibited throughout his entire life: it seemed so like a silent, but daily, practical denial of the goodness of God, and His interest in His creatures. It appeared to him as if he had been living, year after year, in a virtual infidelity, when such texts as this rose to his memory, "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the fields, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you. Oh, ye of little faith!"

He answered Alice by a look, which echoed her words fully. He felt that, if he were to recover, and either she or Lily be taken, all the wealth in the world would be nothing compara-

tively: and his heart went forth in gratitude to heaven, that they had been spared to him, and not ravished away like the only child of the physician.

From that hour, it may be said, Randolph was a Christian. Never again did he call in question the wisdom of the dealings of Providence, or say, in his heart, as he so often had before, "what have I done to merit this treatment?" From that moment he believed, not only intellectually, but with his whole being, in the mercy of the Almighty, and was ready to acknowledge, even in hours of the deepest trouble, the kindly love of the All Protecting Father, who, by such chastisements, disciplines his children for the life everlasting.

When Mountjoy arrived, with the intelligence of Isabel's death, and heard of Randolph's illness, he hesitated, for a moment, whether to tell Alice or not. She had received him in the outer room, and now stood awaiting his pleasure, secretly wondering what he had to impart, which could render his seeing her husband as important as he had declared it to be.

At last Mountjoy looked up from his momentary hesitation.

"I am addressing Mrs. Randolph, I presume," he said.

Alice nodded assent.

"You can bear trouble, I hope, madam," he continued, "for I am the bearer of mournful intelligence."

Alice looked at him with a sad smile, as she answered,

"Sorrow and I are old acquaintances, sir. Speak to me freely. Mr. Randolph's health forbids his being disturbed on such an errand."

"You had a sister, I believe——"

In a moment the truth flashed on Alice. Much as Isabel had wronged her, she still loved her sister, and at the bare idea of her death, she trembled violently.

"Is she ill?" cried Alice, interrupting him, eagerly. The mournful aspect of his countenance told her that it was more than mere illness. She clasped her hands, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "oh! she is dead. I know it by your looks."

In that moment, all the injuries Isabel had done her passed from her remembrance, and Alice recollects her only as the playmate of childhood, as the adviser of her later years. For a while she wept uncontrollably, covering her face with her hands, Mountjoy sitting in respectful silence.

At last, recovering some composure, she asked her visitor for details of the sad bereavement. These Mountjoy gave, softening all the harsher incidents, and leaving Alice to suppose that

Isabel had died calmly, though suddenly: indeed, the more terrible circumstances connected with her decease were, as we have seen, unknown to Mountjoy himself.

Alice listened, the tears silently stealing down her cheeks, until the melancholy tale was finished. Then, finding she still did not speak, her visitor ventured to say,

"You must be aware, my dear madam, that you are the nearest representative of the deceased," Alice started, "and as such the only person entitled to dictate what the arrangements for the interment shall be. You are, of course, Miss Vernon's heir; for her attorney says she had no will."

For the first time, a thought of the great change, which the death of Isabel would produce in their worldly circumstances, rushed across Alice's mind. She reflected that now her husband would be able to have all the little delicacies, which his situation imperatively demanded, but which poverty had prevented her getting for him. She reflected also that Lily would suffer no more, dear, patient child, from cold and hunger. What wonder that she burst again into tears, and that now they were almost hysterical in their violence.

In all this there had not been a thought of self. It was of others she considered. Noble, generous woman, would that more resembled thee!

But Alice recovered her composure quickly; and now, addressing Mountjoy, she said,

"As you are a friend of Mr. Randolph, I may make bold, I hope, to ask you to attend to the——" her voice faltered, but recovering herself, she went on, "the necessary arrangements. He is too ill to undertake a journey himself, or to permit my leaving him. We have no near relatives to whom we can apply."

"Most thankfully will I accept the commission," said Mountjoy, admiring the ready composure of mind, as he had before admired the sisterly affection of the speaker, "whatever I believe you or your husband would wish, I shall see executed; and I think I can divine what those wishes would be."

With a few more words their interview closed. As Mountjoy departed, however, he said,

"In a few days, I will return. Meantime, perhaps, Mr. Randolph had better be kept in ignorance, lest the information should agitate him too much."

Alice thanked him, by a look, for the delicacy of the first allusion, as well as for the kind interest exhibited by the last: and then they parted.

It was no easy task, however, to keep her own counsel. A dozen times, during the day, she felt as if she could not longer restrain the tears,

which the thought of Isabel lying cold and lifeless summoned up. She was afraid also lest her husband, noticing the numerous little luxuries she had purchased for him, for Mountjoy had considerably left a pocket-book on the table when he departed, would insist on knowing where her resources came from. But fortunately she escaped suspicion.

At last, however, and by degrees, she broke the truth to her husband. Randolph, chastened by sickness, had already been softened toward Isabel; and the information of her death entirely subdued him; so that he saw, without wonder, the tears of his wife, and could even join with her, to some extent, in her regrets. Often, that day, he repeated to himself "forgive our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Our story draws near its end. The restoration of Randolph was soon complete. To this his altered fortunes, the tender care of his wife, and the skill of his physician all now contributed. When Mountjoy made his appearance again, the invalid was able to see him, to thank him for his kindness, and to converse of old times with him.

As soon as Randolph could bear it, which was about this time, he was removed from his humble lodgings to others more suitable to his improved fortunes. One of his first visits, on going out, was to a handsome house, which Alice wished to purchase, and which they subsequently bought. It was a commodious mansion, in one of the pleasantest parts of the city, where they immediately established themselves.

Prior to moving into it, however, Alice fitted up an apartment in it for a studio; and thither she caused her husband's easel to be secretly removed. For, as Randolph was still much of an invalid, he could take no part in arranging the furniture, but had to leave everything to his wife, who managed her little plot so well as entirely to surprise him, when at last they moved into the house. The Turkish dressing-gown and slippers, which Alice had once jocosely promised him, if ever she became rich, were not forgotten.

Here it was the delight of Randolph to work. For now that pecuniary cares were strangers to him, he seemed to enjoy a greater facility than ever with his pencil: his genius assumed a boldness and originality it had never known before; and his execution improved not less decidedly. At least this was the unanimous verdict of the public. But as he was now a rich man, he was courted where formerly he had been neglected, and many a votary of Mammon purchased his pictures in consequence, who, had he still been struggling for bread, would have turned from them with a sneer.

That studio became the favorite resort for

Alice also. There she would sit and sew, while Lily sat at her feet reading, the nurse occasionally bringing in the baby to share in their household bliss. Now and then Alice would pause from her feminine labor, and gaze silently on her husband, as, with kindling eye, he worked away with his pencil: and now Randolph would himself stop, catch her look, smile at her, and, perhaps, desire her to approach the canvass that he might ask her advice. Oh! how happy they were. Loving and loved, husband, wife and child, what a Paradise on earth they made. Surely, if there is a heaven below, it exists in an affectionate family circle.

But the Randolphs did not selfishly confine their happiness to themselves. Having once been poor themselves, they knew how to sympathize with the needy: with the Carthaginian queen they could say, "*non ignara malis miseris succurrere disco.*" Nor did they, like so many of the compassionate rich, delegate to others the task of seeking proper objects of their bounty. They went in person, on the contrary, to the abodes of suffering, and even to the haunts of vice; and when they gave alms, they gave also sympathy, without which, mere pecuniary aid is frequently in vain. In all their pursuits, they recognized as a solemn duty, to which everything else had to give way, the relief of the poor. They never forgot that the Great Teacher, when on earth, proved his divine mission, by saying that the sick were healed, the lame made to walk, and the gospel preached to the poor.

One shadow clouded the otherwise perfectly happy life of Alice. It was the recollection of her disobedience to her father, on that fatal day when Isabel betrayed her into eloping with Randolph. To it, indeed, she attributed all the misfortunes of her life. Her own experience was a proof, she said, that even in this world, God sometimes visits retribution on the offender. To her dying hour, she will retain, in her heart, the sorrowful recollection that her father died without forgiving her.

Alice never learned the extent of Isabel's treachery toward her, nor the awful manner of her sudden death. It is well that she is ignorant of it. She can still regard her sister with regret and even love.

Lily is fast growing up to womanhood, and promises to be as lovely as even Alice was. Her goodness is on every tongue. She never omits an opportunity to accompany her mother in visits of mercy, and her sweet face is known and welcomed, in hundreds of humble homes, as that of an angel. Thus, already she has begun, on earth, the heavenly ministry which is her destiny.

In the halls of nobles, in the palaces of princes,

in the galleries of great nations the name of Randolph, the artist, is a familiar thing. His pictures sell sometimes, it is said, for their weight in gold. But, though thus renowned, he is one of the most unassuming of men. What faults he had, disappeared in the furnace of affliction, and he is now not less esteemed in public than loved at home.

Alas! it is not every one whom experience can thus teach. Reader, has life made you better, or have its lessons failed?

Oh! whatever else you do, live not in vain.